TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME III — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1927 — NUMBER 40

Avoid Arabian courtesy, requite
Not genius with the headsman's accolade,
Nor on the thousand and the second night
Present the bowstring to Scheherazade!

Gyring and Gimbling

(Or Lewis Carroll in Paris)

THE giants in the old fables were often lacking in a sense of proportion, sometimes in a sense of humor, and so are those Titans of English-speaking Paris, the half mythical James Joyce and that lesser mistress of experimental prose, the prophetic Gertrude Stein. Joyce we have been able to estimate as a figure of more than common size by his vigorous "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and the powerful technique of "Ulysses," a Gothic cathedral of a book rich in portraits, gargoyles, and grotesques. The conception of "Ulysses" was clearly giant-like, the execution subject to controversy. Its details were praised by some of the discriminating, but by more who delight in art in proportion to its obscurity, and detest the very name of common sense. Gertrude Stein we knew in feats of word legerdemain which had strange powers since some minds were fascinated by her scrambled sentences and others driven to wails and cursings.

Now, thanks to the midwifery of Mr. Elliot Paul, an American resident in Paris, where presumably one can take the English language without too much seriousness, and to the magazine "Transition," we can see Mr. Joyce in his latest work and find Miss Stein "elucidated."

"Ulysses," we are told, was a night book, the new work is a day book and the rivers of Ireland are its heroes. Apparently it, too, is to have scope and plan, not to be judged from the brief extracts so far published. Therefore without prejudice to the scheme of the whole, which may be as impressive as that of "Ulysses," we can study the expression by which this giant of our days proposes to erect his second cathedral. It is not English, although there is vigor in the sound of it; it is not indeed language by any known tests; nor is it sound merely, since some of it is unsoundable except by Gargantuan lungs. In this fashion does the book begin:—

riverrun brings us back to Howth Castle & Environs, Sir Tristram, violer d'amores, fr' over the short sea, had passencore rearrived from North America on this side the scraggy isthmus of Europe Minor to wielderfight his penisolate war: nor had topsawyer's rocks by the stream Oconee exaggerated themselse to Laurens County's gorgios, while they went doublin their mumper all the time; nor avoice from afire bellowsed mishe mishe to tauftauf thuartpeatrick: not yet, though venissoon after, hada kidscad buttended a bland old isaac; not yet, though all's fair in vanessy, were sosie sesthers wroth with twone nathandjoe. Rot a peck of pa's malt had Jhem or Shen brewed by arclight and rory end to the regginbrow was to be seen rigsome on the waterface.

The fall (badalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonnerronntuonnthunntrovarrhounownskawntoohoohoordenenthurnuck!) of a once wallstrait oldparr is retaled early in bed and later on life down through all christian minstrlsy. The great fall of the offwall entailed at such short notice the schute of Finnigan, erse solid man, that the humptyhillhead of humself prumptly sends an unquiring one well to the west in quest of his tumptytumtoes: and their upturnpikepointandplace is at the knock out in the park where oranges have been laid to rust upon the green since Devlins first loved livy.

What clashes here of wills gen wonts, oystrygods gaggin fishygods! Brékkek Kékkek Kékkek Kékkek! Kóax Kóax Kóax! Úalu Úalu Úalu! Quáouauh! What chance cuddleys, what cashels aired and ventilated! What bidimetoloves sinduced by what tegotetabsolvers! What true feeling for their's hayair with what strawng voice of false jiccup! O here here how hoth sprowled met the duskt the father of fornicationists but, O my shining stars and body! how hath fanespanned most high heaven the skysign of soft advertisement! But waz iz? Is ent? Ere were sewers? The oaks of ald now they lie in peat yet elms leap where ashes lay. Phall if you but will. rise you must: and none so soon either shall the pharce for the nance come to a setdown secular phoenish.

This is like those Phi Beta Kappa orations in Latin when one was supposed to laugh, but where? More succeeds—

(Stoop,) if you are abcedminded, to this claybook, what curios of signs (please stoop), in this allaphbed! A terricolous vivelyonview this; queer and it continues to be quaky. A hatch, a celt, an earshare the pourquose of which was to cassay the earthcrust at all of hours, furrowards, bagawards, like yoxen at the turnpath. Here say figurines billycoose arming and mounting. Mounting and arming bellicose figurines see here. Futhorc, this liffle effingee is for a firefing called a flintforfall. Face at the eased! O I fay! Face at the waist! Ho, you fie! Upwap and dump em, Tace to Lace! When a part so ptee does duty for the holos we soon grow to use of an allforabit.

In between is of a like intelligibility. The man has a design, that is certain, for Joyce is a giant, even though myopic, he can write, one feels that, but what has he written? What (students of "Ask me Another?") does it mean? Here at last is the consummation of Browning's "Fancies that broke through language and escaped!"

Gertrude Stein comes to the rescue. She is no coward like Joyce's disciples, who explain in perfectly simple English what Joyce means in the whole, while carefully ignoring his incomprehensible parts. Miss Stein is all parts—at least to our limited intelligence. She believes that the sound of words conveys a meaning far more significant than sense, therefore away with sense! Is nonsense sense? Is cents not sense? Is sense non-cents? Joyce agrees, but adds that the appearance of words has a more esoteric significance than their denotation. Adds, that is, by inference, as the above quotations prove. For a statement of theory one must go to the mother founder of the school, Miss Stein.

"Since unfortunately," says the editor, Mr. Paul, "the version of Miss Gertrude Stein's 'An Elucidation,' printed in the April number of 'Transition,' while containing the correct words, presented them in the wrong order* (through an inadvertence in the printing establishment) the text has been rearranged."** In "An Elucidation" Miss Stein

(*Continued on Page 782*)

*"'My God,' said my Uncle Toby."

**Is it permissible to guess that one of the French printers knew English and followed Nature instead of copy?

George Eliot

By GARNET SMITH

THE news of George Eliot's death in 1880 was the signal for a general outburst of eulogy. In due course, the official Life and Letters appeared; and then came the usual pause, the less and less frequent mention. Twenty-five years ago Leslie Stephen could maintain that her work was marked by powers of mind and a richness of emotionality rarely equalled. There might be some decline from the estimation in which she was held by her enthusiastic contemporaries, but this was due, probably, to a partial misdirection of her genius in her later period. An American critic, writing in the same year as Leslie Stephen, allowed her safe position as a classic, but asked where was any trace of her influence, or even so much as literary allusion. What has become of a vogue once so great? And the question may be put nowadays with still less expectation of an answer. She may indeed have an enviable audience, a steadily recruited body of admirers; but these are undemonstrative. At last Miss Haldane's book* gives opportunity for new discussion.

Now George Eliot was original and arresting in the manner and method of her art. Above all other novelists she—loved her neighbor. One's neighbors, she showed, are the homespun, every-day folk around us. The humble experience of ordinary mortals yields, to the quickened insight, an all-sufficient material of romance and pathos. Deep human sympathy can discover beauty in the commonplace. Lives seemingly crude and frustrate take upon themselves the just tones of humor and poetry when faithfully beheld and recorded. And George

*George Eliot and Her Times: a Victorian Study. Elizabeth S. Haldane. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1927. $3.50

This Week

"Nox MII." By *W. A. Dwiggins.*
Quatrain. By *William Rose Benét.*
"The World Crisis, 1916-1918." Reviewed by *T. H. Thomas.*
"Early Life and Letters of John Morley." Reviewed by *Wilbur C. Abbott.*
"China and the Powers." Reviewed by *Neville Whymant.*
Origins of the War—French Policy in 1914. By *William L. Langner.* (Concluding the series of articles on "British Documents on the Origins of the War.")
"Red Damask." Reviewed by *Leonard Bacon.*
Chesterton's "The Outline of Sanity." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*

Next Week, or Later

"Association Items." By *Wilmarth S. Lewis.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eliot so recorded them. Sympathy is the keynote of her art, of her poetic realism. Eminent critics, Brunetierè and Montégut, Scherer and Vogüé found occasion to propose her as an exemplar for their own French novelists. The national literature was to be renovated by the use of her method. Here was realism without cruel irony, cold indifference, amused cynicism, haughty contempt. British literature had ever been fertilized by the moral spirit. Lacking this, all realism failed, and must fail. And George Eliot, surpassing her predecessors, had established an intimate agreement between moral idealism and realistic art. It is remarkable that George Eliot's method should have been put forward as the one method of right avail. And it cannot escape notice that the novelists of today have largely reverted to those very attitudes which the French were so reasonably and eloquently urged to discard.

But, in considering George Eliot, one has to remember that her work divides into two manners or periods; and that preference is usually given to the earlier achievement. "The Scenes of a Clerical Life," "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss" and "Silas Marner" appeared in the space of six years. Did she fear to have exhausted her store of Warwickshire memories? She would change, not her method, but the field of its exercise. Leaving her Warwickshire, she fared further, and worse. "Romola" cost her the loss of youth. Effort, strain, is apparent. From spontaneous she had become artificial. Then she sought still other horizons and applications of her doctrine and art. Experimenting with works that should make "a higher life" for her, she ran the risk of noble failure. She was exchanging vision for the abstract. To guard against this, she elected a half-way station between pastoral realism and vague symbolism. She would keep duty and aspiration within the bounds of tragic loyalty to race, or nationality, or class. But the tragedy in the "Spanish Gypsy" was not of the inevitable order; and, in "Felix Holt," it degenerated into melodrama. Furthermore, her characters had become not only exceptional but pattern characters. Felix Holt, though rooted in the Warwickshire soil, is the loyal, and also the perfect, democrat. Mordecai is the perfect Jew; and Daniel Deronda—well, in literature, the perfect hero is unpardonable. Nevertheless, in the later period, George Eliot wrote "Middlemarch" three or four Warwickshire novels in one, a masterpiece of veracious observation and cogent ethics. Had the intellectual element in George Eliot's art encroached unduly upon the emotional? At all events, humor was about dead, and seriousness had grown apace. But, throughout, her work is psychology of the rarest excellence. Her figures are not the mere opportunity for ethical disquisition. The picture is not hidden by the framework. When her "Wit and Wisdom" was separately collected, it proved undetachable from the context. The psychological and ethical comment is but the due intervention of the chorus, varying the rhythm, lifting the theme from the particular to the universal.

The charge of didacticism commonly brought against the art of George Eliot fails upon the barest examination. In all her books, the art is tragic art, and therefore essentially moral and religious. Her expressed aim was indeed to educate her contemporaries through their affections; was so to instruct their imaginations that they might be just and merciful in their thoughts of one another. But she did not write moral tales, nor yet novels of reform. Her wide aim was to produce somewhat that should "lastingly touch the generations of men." We are all engaged, she was sure, in tragic struggle. Life is tragedy to those who feel; and tragic art is religious, universal art. George Eliot straightway made for the central doctrine of religion and tragedy and abided by it. From first to last she was urging us to practise renunciation. A man must die to self that his true self may live. It is ill having our mean or base selves for sole companions. Sympathy, love, is due to our fellow-sufferers. With duty and love become a single and consuming force, we are delivered from egoism and evil. Needs must we seek after and obtain the new life. This new life is the original and veritable. To the simple, duty is acceptance of tradition; and, to those few or many who struggle through tragic crises towards peace, duty is attainment of tradition.

While she was alive—and shall we not say, now?—the simple readers of George Eliot could find delight and edification in the doctrine set forth by way of pictures. But others were puzzled, and even perturbed. They altogether allowed that these Warwickshire people lived and breathed; and that George Eliot's sympathy with the religious tradition that availed them was complete. But it was known, intellectually, she rejected the grounds of this tradition. For her, religion was the one thing needful, and its present form unreasonable. All love of God was to be diverted into another and proper channel: the love of humanity. Those were the days, it is to be remembered, of the "higher" and destructive criticism, of "Christianity without a creed," of scientific ethics, of the war raging between the representatives of theology and natural philosophy. Nowadays criticism, grown modest, corrects itself, and the strife between science and religion is in abeyance. Anathemas are no longer hurled from opposite entrenchments. Each side allows, and welcomes, the just claim of the other. All tyranny is overpassed. Account is made with spiritual experience. It is acknowledged that Nature is at once manifestation and mystery.

* * *

As for George Eliot, the mental and moral crisis of her youth left an indelible mark upon her. She had sought to escape beyond the bounds of individual desire. Running out to the very extremity of renunciation, she surrendered the comfortable belief in God and the hope of personal immortality. These negations of hers were fixed barriers; but round them her loving-kindness swept in full tide. A very woman, she was in love with that charity, *Caritas*, "which I am happy to believe no philosophy can expel from the world." No creed, scientific or other, dominated her. She was grateful to Comte, but also to the *De Imitatione* and Pascal. She was no builder of systems, no Kant to demolish theoretical Theism and replace it on a basis of the Practical Reason: to break the street lamps and demonstrate that, without them, we are in total darkness. She saw that life, if it be not spiritual, is without meaning; desired that, with our speculative differences, we should all be of one mind and fellowship. "I gather," she declared, "a sort of strength from the certainty that there must be limits or negations in my own mental powers and life-experience which may screen from me many possibilities of blessedness for our suffering humanity." That is to say, her mind had taken its ply once for all. She was numbed; inhibited from doubting her conclusions, from reconsidering her negations. She was a Stoic in endurance, acceptance of life, disinterestedness; but an emotional Stoic. And emotional Stoics are mystics. Their "dear city of Zeus" is within them, and yet would they fain depart and reach it. It is well to die if there be gods, and sad to live if there be none. For George Eliot, it was sad to live. Her greatest admirers found that her books were sad. Life, she could write, though on the whole a good to man, is a doubtful good to many, and to some no good at all. It was no use "pretending that things are better than they are." After her crisis, she walked the earth sadly. She knew leanness of soul. And nevertheless she was comforted, being a mystic. She trusted feeling, intuition; had her loving belief and believing love, however timid and dim. She could comfort a mourner with the hope of blessed reunion, "if it might come"; go forth in spirit to "the Unseen Pity"; derive help from "the divine region of trust and resignation"; confirm our "sense of the divine mystery."

George Eliot and her work have their close connection. Allowance being made for the requirements of imaginative art, the autobiographical element can be disengaged from the literary achievement and used for the study of her personality. Thus Romola, and again Armgart, is George Eliot favored by fortune and none the less coming to be perfected in renunciation and altruism; Dorothea Brooke is a Saint Theresa thwarted by modern conditions and a George Eliot in her craving to love and revere and devote herself; while Maggie Tulliver, in the earlier and altogether admirable portion of "The Mill on the Floss," is the actual George Eliot, heightened but a little in remembrance. It is indeed to Maggie Tulliver, rather than to the letters of George Eliot, that one should refer for a rounded understanding of her mental and moral crisis. In the letters of the period, her mingled ambition and diffidence, the long and various debate between her reason and her sensibility, her final passage from rebellious stress to self-sacrifice, found but crude and immature expression. She had indeed been visited by many a mood and impulse. And though, cherishing her "dual solitude," she failed somewhat to renew and enlarge her social observation, she had but to look within her heart and write out human nature.

With her fame came the burden of responsibility. At the outset, indeed, there was surprise and timid joy. But she was ever a prey to foreboding and anxiety. Her letters become a long record of struggle against despondency. She would only write that which was worth reading, and despaired of her ability. Has she any good reasons for continuing her labors? How possibly can her work take lasting hold in the minds of men? She is prostrate at each new beginning. Upon accomplishment, she dreads the verdict of a public which has "no discernment of good and evil" in works of art. Throughout, she is lost in wonder at any instance of sympathetic comprehension that comes to her notice. The repeated and stressful calls upon her sense of duty leave her an invalid sorely needing changes of scene and intervals of refreshment. Even in the matter of personal friendship she grew more and more distrustful. Hungering for sympathy and devotion she found no cause why these should be given her. Examining herself to discover faultiness, as she examined her art to disparage it, she was lost in self-abasement. Her nature was essentially noble in its humility. At those famous receptions which taxed her frail constitution, we read how, shy herself and awe-inspiring, she betrayed an almost morbid fear lest she should fail the expectant, or have misapprehended them. Should somewhat chance to touch her deeply, her spare and spiritualized face would glow, or her gaze withdraw to far-away regions. Of those who knew and have portrayed her, Mrs. W. K. Clifford is especially vivid:—

> Something indefinable looked out of her grave eyes and lurked in the fleeting smile; some knowledge often seemed to be waiting behind them that she would fain use to help you, to give you pleasure, but that she held back for some wise reason she could not yet make known to you; meanwhile, she gave you understanding and sympathy, and, if you needed it sorely, tenderness.

While, if general discussion arose, she gave of her best "with an air of soft, appealing finality."

But there is no finality. Since her day, the world of literature and ideas has suffered change. Of her two immediate successors in mastery of the psychological novel, George Meredith was more of the resolute optimist: the exponent of intellectual comedy, since life is comedy to those that think. And Mr. Thomas Hardy acts as it were a malevolent Providence accumulating direful pressure from within and without. Ibsen bade us strictly consult the rights of individualism, and left them a question to himself and us. Nietzsche looked to the advent of a new aristocracy; and Hauptmann, hailed by the Socialists, exhibited dramas of that human misery which forms of government neither cause nor cure. The Russians, one and all psychologists, depict for us a monotonous folk who ask for a while the meaning of life and then sink back into apathetic use and wont. French psychologists, in scientific form, are for resolving religion into the irrational ideas and attitudes of the crowd. Others hand us over a prey to the subconscious, or make us out to be automata, fabrics responsive to stimulus. Many of us care for none of these things. Many of us attend to the pressing business and have scant leisure for meditation. But there is a time for everything. It is not wise to neglect this tired but ardent spirit, this noble Sibyl who proclaims that, amid all change, there is that which is stable and knows no decay. The creative artist, she sets before us folk that are not only of a given locality and date, but of universal relevancy; human beings through whom are shown us the abiding truths. "Needs must thou renounce, renounce!" That was the supreme counsel of Goethe. And George Eliot, re-echoing it, bids us seek that happiness which we can only tell from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else. Let us but add that we live encompassed by mystery; and that the mystery is best ascertained by those reasons of the heart that reach out beyond reason.

It seems likely to *John O' London's Weekly* that John Buchan will soon be sitting in the House of Commons, representing in the Conservative interest the Scottish Universities. If so he will be one of the busiest writers in the world. At present he combines the functions of (a) publisher, (b) novelist, (c) Deputy-Chairman of Reuter's, (d) Curator of the Oxford University Chest, (e) lecturer, and (f) essayist. Yet this unusually versatile Scot should distinguish himself as an M. P. Mr. Buchan, it is not strange to discover, suffers much from insomnia and writes much fiction in the hours when others are asleep. He began fiction writing at the age of twenty and has kept it up ever since.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Churchill Crisis

THE WORLD CRISIS 1916-1918. By the Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. New York: Scribner's. 2 vols. 1927. $10.

Reviewed by T. H. THOMAS

NO Allied leader went into the war more whole-heartedly than Winston Churchill and none was more in earnest to fight it through to a winning finish. Yet from first to last his main effort was to thwart the thing that was being done and to override the men who were charged with doing it. Others yielded to this impulse from time to time—almost everyone, perhaps, at one time or another. But no one else developed it into a *politique personnelle*—into a fixed and permanent line of action;—and still less has it occurred to any other war-time leader to elaborate this tendency into an historical doctrine. Nothing less than this is the argument of these two volumes: from the time Mr. Churchill was forced out the conduct of the war was in the hands of fools, and every step they took was stupid: all their efforts together accomplished nothing; their plans were folly and all their undertakings were bound to fail beforehand. Whereas, by following the ingenious combinations the author suggested at the time, or now ten years afterward, the war could have been won without fighting. Without, at least, the British army doing the fighting. Although the *modus operandi* varied, the aim of all these expedients was the same, namely, to pass the buck to one or another of Mr. Churchill's "gallant Allies"—to Russia first, then to "the army of 500,000 fresh, brave and well-trained Roumanians," then to the French, and for the last act to "the young manhood of America." This whole series of strategical cart-wheels rest upon rhetorical figures, upon the author's curious gift of dissolving fact into rhetoric. They all start out from the "impassable barrier" of the western front. In actual fact it was made impassable by the French and British infantry pounding away at the enemy or stubbornly resisting his pounding; but realities have no place in our author's philosophy. Planting the western front down once for all as a Chinese wall of fixed and indestructible powers, he turns his back upon the war where it was, and launches forth in imagination upon triumphs of verbal eloquence against Turks and Bulgarians.

It is only consistent with his argument that he has to prove the enemy equally wrong-headed, and he actually undertakes to. If the Allied generals were bad, the Germans were no better. Mr. Churchill shows in a single page that Falkenhayn was a brainless commander: by advancing clear to the Caucasus in 1915 he could easily have kept the war going forever. Actually, Falkenhayn was trying to bring the war to an end, but we now learn that this merely proves his folly. Ludendorff, it appears, was even more of an ass in 1918 for trying to win the war, when he could easily have retreated to the Meuse or the Rhine and kept the thing going indefinitely. Whether dealing with the Germans or the Allies, the author follows the same methods of historical dialectic; and in both cases, to tell the truth, they are the only methods open to him. Falkenhayn and Ludendorff, five years ago set down the grim facts they had to deal with, and explained clearly enough the aims they set out for. Mr. Churchill, in 1927, assumes jauntily that all this is an unwritten story,—he assumes even that no one has read the French writers whose best bits form so conspicuous a part of his narrative. Brushing aside all realities and facts, he thrusts before us a series of imaginary premises; slaps together a spirited narrative of things as they did not happen, and tops it off with lurid effects of flashy rhetoric for the purpose of making himself, from first to last, the central figure. By way of gilding the lily, he offers to prove his notions by comparing the Reichsarchiv figures of total casualties with the "official totals" of the French and British. No German military writer would indulge in such a joke on his readers, and it has long been explained, officially and unofficially, that the methods of recording casualties in the three armies varied widely. This author eagerly snatches at rich evidence, for the satisfaction of discrediting the British army and its leaders.

Mr. Churchill's book, like his public career, is an outstanding bout in the age-long struggle between talent and character: and in this case at least his talents have got the better of him. No one else has written so stirring and vivid a narrative as his, but no one else would yield to the temptation that he plunges into with such exultation. Lloyd-George, for instance, who is a much more experienced politician, has the wit to see that certain aspects of his conduct of affairs will be all the better for a spell of quiet and gradual oblivion. Mr. Churchill is obsessed by the confidence that he can put over anything and get away with it. With a sort of comic effrontery we find an author of his name and record, taunting President Wilson for his "dominating party loyalty."

"I have tried," so we learn in the Preface, "to find and follow the stepping stones of fate. I set myself at each stage to answer the questions 'What happened and why?' I seek to guide the reader to those points where the course of events is being decided, whether it be on a battlefield, in a conning-tower, in Council, in Parliament, in a lobby, a laboratory, or a work-shop." For all of these trips, in the end, the reader has a right to ask his money back;—but at least one can follow out the same plan and turn to Colonel Repington for a glimpse at the genesis of the "World Crisis."

In April, 1916, the period when Mr. Churchill was on duty at the front, Colonel Repington dined with him in London.

> We had a good yap at dinner, and up to midnight. Winston in good form, but getting rather bald. His battalion is going to be disbanded and broken up owing to shortage of men; this will enable him to say that he has not left his battalion, because his battalion has left him.

SILHOUETTE OF GEORGE ELIOT AS A GIRL.
From "George Eliot and Her Times," by Elizabeth S. Haldane (Appleton).
(*See opposite page*)

> . . . Winston's mess of the last Navy debate has made his women folk very anxious for him to be prudent, but I was against this. . . . We gave each other points for a big debate next Tuesday, and Winston gave me bits of the sort of remarks he would make on the points—very good and penetrating and clever, with some fine language. He spoke bitterly of Balfour, but I told him he must keep off that lay, and that it was much better to leave Balfour alone. . . . I told him nobody could afford himself the luxury of personal jealousies in this war; that the cause was much more important than the individual; and that he must go for the big cause, and forget all rivals and animosities.

Three months later, when the battalion was safely broken up, there was another dinner. Mr. Churchill had turned from the trenches to painting and journalism.

> He showed me his latest works of art; . . . he has made an extraordinary advance, and several of his pictures are quite worth buying, notably an interior at Blenheim. . . . He was very pleased with his journalistic success. He had got £1000 for writing four long articles in a Sunday paper, and felt sure that he could make £5000 a year, and place himself on the right side in matters of finance. He said how sad it was that while he was slaving in Plug Street in front of the battle, his reputation kept going down and every one scoffed at him, whereas when he was talking on the front Opposition bench, and getting a lot of money for fiction, he was increasing his fame daily.

Fine language, jealousies and animosities, fiction, fame and big money:—Colonel Repington leaves nothing to be added.

The happy mingling of fame and finance was an hereditary talent; and it was no doubt this same inherited strain of military genius that provided the inspiration of these war-time articles, which the author sets again before us. The *genius loci* clearly guided him in one written just after painting the interior at Blenheim: even at that distance, this ancestral flair allowed him to divine at once the bungling tactics of the battle then ending at Verdun. " 'The French,' I wrote at the time, 'suffered more than the defense need suffer by their valiant and obstinate retention of particular positions. Meeting an artillery attack is like catching a cricket ball. Shock is dissipated by drawing back the hands. A little "give," a little suppleness, and the violence of impact is vastly reduced.' " It is all quite simple. The stereotyped military mind has hitherto assumed that Petain's defense was a creditable professional accomplishment. The voice of John, first Duke of Marlborough, now reveals that it was senseless folly.

> It is certainly arguable that the French would have been wise to have played with the Germans around Verdun, economizing their forces as much as possible, selling ground at a high price in German blood wherever necessary, and endeavoring to lead their enemies into a pocket or other unfavorable position. In this way they might have inflicted very heavy losses without risking much themselves. . . . By the end of June the Germans might thus have exhausted the greater part of their offensive effort, advancing perhaps a dozen miles over ground of no decisive strategic significance, while all the time the French would have been accumulating gigantic forces for an overwhelming blow upon the Somme.

We commend this passage, word for word, to the survivors of those who played with the Germans for four months over that ground so tragically insignificant. Even the first Duke could have not conceived this masterly stroke of the pocket in the point of a salient. Other exploits of rhetorical strategy now offered us achieve an even higher level. For one, the project conceived in 1926 for a surprise attack upon the Dardenelles in 1916:—"a thoroughly feasible scheme" for suddenly concentrating in various sea-ports twenty Allied divisions scattered throughout the Orient. "A single mental conception would have transformed the twenty divisions into a vast army crouching, under the cover of perfectly satisfactory explanations, for one swift convergent spring." The mental conception of twenty divisions "under cover of perfectly satisfactory explanations" gives at least the exact proportion of reality to rhetoric in the strategy of the modern Marlborough—and in all the criticisms he offers us. We may take one last example. "Suppose that the British army sacrificed upon the Somme had been *preserved*, trained, and developed to its full strength till the summer of 1917, till perhaps 3,000 tanks were ready, till an overwhelming artillery was prepared, till a scientific method of continuous advance had been devised, till the apparatus was complete, might not a decisive result have been achieved at one stroke?" It seems impossible to improve on this, but the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, C.H., M.P., provides a climax.

* * *

By 1917, he records somewhat ruefully, the time had gone by when "Megalomania was a positive virtue." Despite this handicap, he was brought back into the fold at this late stage as Minister of Munitions. "I found a staff of 12,000 officials organized in no less than fifty different departments each claiming direct access to the Chief." Mr. Churchill admitted but ten into the Presence. Each one was denoted by a different letter: "Thus D was design, G guns, F finance, P projectiles, X explosives, and so on. By ringing the changes upon these letters committees could be formed exactly adapted to handle any particular topic, while the general movement of business was held firmly together by means of a coördinating or 'Clamping' committee." [Tried out, it seems puzzling: DF, for instance? or XF?] "The relief was instantaneous. I was no longer oppressed by heaps of bulky files. . . . Once the whole organization was in motion it never required change. Instead of struggling through the jungle on foot I rode comfortably on an elephant whose trunk could pick up a pin or uproot a tree with equal ease, and from whose back a wide scene lay open."

The first pin picked up was the conclusion (October, 1917). "The German armies in the west appear to have completely lost their offensive power." With this fitting apotheosis we may leave the Chryselephantine historian.

The posthumous collection of "Three Plays" by the late William Archer, says the *London Times* Literary Supplement, is being published in England by Constable and bears an introduction by Bernard Shaw which is a tribute to one who was a close friend of Shaw's for forty years. The three plays by Archer, never before published, are entitled "Martha Washington," "Beatriz Juana," and "Lidia."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morley, Man of Letters

EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN MORLEY. By F. W. Hirst. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927. 2 Vols. $10.50.

Reviewed by Wilbur C. Abbott
Harvard University

IT was too much to be hoped that, in spite of his supposed desire, John Morley should escape the biographer. Nor, it must be confessed, was it desirable that he should. It is part of the career, if not the duty, of a public man of his eminence, to be commemorated after the English fashion in a biography; to provide for posterity that supply of letters and memoranda, those guides to a knowledge of his time and his activities which form the material of history. And it is a part of the anomaly of his life that this most inconsistent of all prophets of consistency should not have followed the great tradition. Yet how was it to be expected that an agnostic who found such appreciation among believers, a working journalist who grew rich, an apostle of liberty who became so firm an upholder of order once he was in office, should be a conformist in this tradition any more than he was in others?

It is a good thing that Mr. Hirst should have written these volumes. They do not cover, it is true, that period of his life when Morley had become a great force in politics. They stop short of telling us much that we would like to know. They are concerned chiefly with the years of literary activity and of political growth. They do not show their subject at the height of his influence in political life. They have the defect apparently inherent in the biographies of all literary men—for who is so much interested in the conflicts of the intellectual spirit as in those of the political flesh? Yet they are extraordinarily interesting for all that to the legion of readers who are—or were—interested in the author of "Compromise," the studies of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and that ilk. The world has passed beyond the somewhat dusty confines of Comtism and Philosphic Radicalism and what is now called "old-fashioned Liberalism." It seems to require what our automobiling friends would characterize as a "richer mixture" of "social" activities and phraseology than the thinner and drier vapor of the more intellectual past which Morley personifies, to make the machine go properly and in accordance with the spirit of "the movement." It seems to demand less intellect and more emotion, more words and less thought, more action and less style, than was acceptable in his day. One might almost think, in view of much that is written nowadays in his field of labor that it makes little difference to the minds even of the "intelligentsia" and the "literati" whether a man knows anything of his subject or not, so long as he writes about it in an "interesting" way.

* * *

Such was not the spirit of the times in which John Morley grew to his stature as a master of English prose. It seems then to have been necessary to know something about what one wrote in order to gain and hold an audience; nor was even the smartest phrase a recognized substitute for that knowledge. One need only to read Morley's letter to Chamberlain on the subject of "natural rights" and compare it with what Mr. Hirst calls "the sort of thing that an undergraduate might write if he were told to blend Rousseau with Lenin" to perceive this point. "No right," says Morley, "is worth a straw apart from the good that it brings, and claims to right must depend not upon nature, but upon the good that the said rights are calculated to bring." This from the biographer—if his studies may be called biographies—of Rousseau and Robespierre, and the champion of Ireland and the landless agriculturists, may well be regarded as a great example of proving all things and holding fast to what he considered sound.

And in these volumes Mr. Hirst has done one service if no other—and he has done many. He has contributed an extraordinary side light on the career of Joseph Chamberlain, as well as on his character, capabilities, and opinions. Reinforced by Morley's "Recollections," on which he needs must lean heavily at times, and by Morley's life of Gladstone, he has done much to clear up some obscure, if not dark, passages in English politics. Nor is the Morley criticism of Disraeli's Eastern policy, which Mr. Hirst revives, without some interest even now; for Morley regarded it as futile as that of Disraelian imperialism and opposition to Russia. "Is it with people of such a temperament as this," he inquires "moderate, cautious, and even a little too sober in their domestic affairs, but vacillating, random, and headstrong in their foreign interests—is it with these for your masters that you propose to try high flights and plunge into the shadowy hazards of great adventure?"

Indeed if one reviews the opinions here expressed on almost every page of the early life of this great Little Englander, one might well conclude that, whatever the engaging qualities of the new democracy whose advance he so strenuously furthered, he believed, as more cynical men before him and since had openly expressed, that such a people are never fitted to conduct foreign affairs—which brings with it peculiarly irritating corollaries in the form of questions as to how such a democracy should conduct itself. Shall it shut itself up absolutely from the outside world—which in the case of England at least is quite impossible—or shall it rely upon the "old, bad, secret diplomacy?" And as to that great question there is even now a confusion of thought, or at least speech, which it would need at least a Morley to clarify.

But apart from these more far-reaching and controversial questions which these volumes raise, many will find in the chapters which deal with Morley's editorship of the *Fortnightly*—so called apparently because it was a monthly—much of extraordinary interest; and not the least the most extraordinary fact that such an influential periodical had such small circulation! In Morley's correspondence with contributors, prospective contributors, dilatory contributors, and all the various varieties of those who make an editor's life at once possible and exasperating, there is to be found the tragicomedy of such a profession to the life; and there is no living editor who would not find entertainment and perhaps some consolation in reading it.

And finally the man Morley—what of him in these pages? It is of necessity a half length portrait which the author draws; yet from the earliest pages to the last it grows more and more evident how it happened that—given his qualities—this personality which we call John Morley was developed. It is no moving tale of accidents by flood and field, for intellectual development can never compete with lives of men of action. But it has its value and its charm, and if Mr. Hirst had only been able to tell us more of all infinite petty circumstance at which he often hints, it might have been more interesting still. For in itself the life of one who blessed with only education and ability lifted himself from insignificance and poverty by his pen alone to such great heights is a sort of an epic—even in Fleet Street. And when that is accomplished without the usual blare of the brass trumpets of "publicity" it is—or it would nowadays be regarded as something but little short of the miraculous.

The Restless Dragon

CHINA AND THE POWERS. By Henry Kittredge Norton. New York: The John Day Company. 1927. $4 net.

Reviewed by Neville Whymant

THIS is an important work and should be welcomed by all students of international affairs. A first reading of it but emphasizes the necessity for some continued and balanced instruction in foreign policies, as a part of our general education. The author nowhere confuses the issue; the historical importance of present-day happenings is even now not felt by those who stand most in danger. It is, alas, true that no one man can tell the whole truth about the Far East and what is happening there; Mr. Norton neither pretends to do this, nor attempts it. But there can be no greater indictment of our system of education and our complacency throughout a time of stress until the crisis is upon us, than the blunt statement of our ignorance as shown by this book. One would imagine that the movement for "saving the Czechs" after the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, would have little or nothing to do with the present lashing of the tail of the Chinese dragon.

The story is a trifle long but it deserves to be spread:

> This consolidation of her gains (the Japanese lease on South Manchuria), left Japan in excellent shape to seize her next opportunity. It was offered by the Russian revolution. The disintegration of the mighty structure which was Czarist Russia seemed almost to materialize the Japanese visions of a vast continental empire subject to Tokyo. The fingers of the military men fairly itched to grasp the booty that fate had flung within such easy reach. But some attention had to be paid to international amenities. Unceremoniously to strip an ally who had fallen savored so strongly of ghoulishness that even the Japanese war party hesitated. Some excuse for the invasion of Russian territory must be found. The War-gods of Nippon answered the prayer of their devotees and sent the Czechs. These former unwilling subjects of the Hapsburgs had surrendered to the Russians by regiments to avoid fighting for a cause they detested. After the treaty of Brest-Litovsk they gathered in southern Russia and proposed to make their way across Siberia and the Pacific and hence to Europe to join the allied forces on the western front. Some fifty thousand of them started eastward, the Russians providing trains. Then came rumors. German influences at Bolshevik headquarters was trying to stop the Czech movement. German and Austrian prisoners were being freed and armed against them. They were being attacked and overwhelmed. They must be rescued! Then came politics. A force of fifty thousand of the best-trained soldiers in the world could be useful to the allies against the new Bolshevik peril. If the Czechs would turn back and fight the Red armies, the allies would recognize the independence of Czecho-Slovakia. . . . After some difficulty, President Wilson was persuaded to invite Japan and the other allies to join in an expedition to rescue the Czechs. The Japanese accepted the invitation with such alacrity that the United States thought it well to secure an agreement from them that each counry should send but seven thousand men into Siberia; an agreement which Japan promptly made and promptly broke. She sent forward seventy-three thousand men beside making agreements with the Chinese politicians in the saddle at Peking, which placed the Chinese forces under the effective control of Japan.

It is unfair to quote from any portion of the book to the exclusion of other equally good chapters, but as an example of the author's treatment of one side of the foreigners in China question the following lines may be cited:

> A large share of the credit for the leadership in penetrating China in the days when penetration was the dominating idea must go to the missionaries. It is only recently that they have swung over to the more liberal view and urged the relinquishment of special rights, the abandonment of the gunboat policy, the abolition of toleration clauses. . . . Now large numbers of them are in the van of those who would grant to Young China all its demands. . . . A curious parallel change has taken place in missionary literature concerning the characteristics of the Chinese. In early tracts they were pictured as heathen of the deepest dye. . . . Some of these writings are in striking contrast with ones from missionary sources of more recent date. Now the Chinese are compared very favorably with the peoples of other races and their civilization is frequently painted in colors which fairly glow when compared with the sombre shades in which Occidental civilization is portrayed. One might well carry away the impression that the only thing lacking to make Chinese culture perfect is Christianity and the only good thing in Western culture is that same Christianity. Behind these outward changes is the purpose for which all of this literature was written. In the early days, when the chief Chinese interest of Americans to whom it was addressed was the saving of souls, it was well to emphasize the wretched state of these idolaters. . . . They secured huge endowments and vast annual contributions. . . . Suddenly they found themselves faced with a new difficulty. They were pictured by Chinese agitators as the advance agents of Western conquest, cultural, commercial, even military. . . . It was incumbent upon them to take the part of China against what were denounced as the aggressions of their countrymen. Once having embraced the cause of Young China politically, they were tied fast to that cause. The slightest recantation, the slightest hesitation, and their usefulness in China would be at an end.

Although it is not possible to agree entirely with the general conclusions of Mr. Norton, one can at least admire his lucid summing-up in the following paragraph:

> In proportion as American policy becomes more liberal or more insistent toward the Chinese, both the factors of Chinese intractability and the factors of British and Japanese aggressive influences are given added weight. Only by holding closely to the golden mean can there be hope of winning through a most difficult task with some measure of success for American ideals. Only so can China's integrity be assured, only so can equal opportunity be won for all foreigners in China's trade and commerce. Only so can the antagonisms of the surrounding Powers be neutralized and prevented from precipitating a conflict.

The Saturday Review of Literature

Henry Seidel Canby ..... Editor
William Rose Benét ..... Associate Editor
Amy Loveman ..... Associate Editor
Christopher Morley ..... Contributing Editor

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. III. No. 40.

Copyright, 1927, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Origins of the War

This is the last of the series of articles discussing "British Documents on the Origins of the War," edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley. (British Library of Information, New York.) The article on Russian responsibility was published last week; those on British, Austrian, and German responsibilities in the number of April 16th.

French Policy in 1914

By William L. Langner
Clark University

THE critics of M. Poincaré and his associates have accused him not only of pursuing a belligerent policy in the years 1912 to 1914, but of actually contributing to the tragic outcome of the crisis resulting from the assassination of the Austrian Archduke. In support of their argument these critics have maintained that during a visit to St. Petersburg from July 20 to 23, Poincaré and Viviani did their utmost to urge upon the Czar and Sazonov a firm policy, giving unqualified promises of French support at a time when the terms of the Austrian note to Serbia were not yet known and when the note had not even been submitted to Belgrade; that during the days following the submission and rejection of the Austrian note the French government made no attempt to restrain the Russian government or even to counsel moderation, but, on the contrary, gave repeated assurances that France accepted the obligations of the Franco-Russian Alliance without reserve, thus encouraging the Russian government rather than deterring it from taking irrevocable steps; that, more specifically, the French government, though fully informed of what was happening at St. Petersburg, did nothing to prevent the Russian general mobilization, but actually gave insidious advice designed to promote military measures; that, finally, the French government attempted to draw England into the conflict by misrepresenting the circumstances of the Russian mobilization, by forwarding untruthful reports of German preparations, and by ingeniously withdrawing the French troops to a line ten kilometers behind the frontier.

It should be remarked at the outset that this indictment has been based upon very meagre source material. The French Yellow Book of 1914 was one of the most voluminous of the colored books and one of the last to be published, but from the beginning it was clear that it did not give a complete picture of French policy. Since then more material has appeared, much of it distinctly incriminating, in Russian documents, in memoirs of participants, and in papers that have come out in the course of controversy. Still, the authentic information we possess in regard to French policy is scantier than that for the policy of any other country. Any light which these new British documents may throw upon the subject will, therefore, be particularly welcome.

* * *

There appears to have been very little correspondence between the British Foreign Office and the French government, prior to the very last days of the crisis. Mr. Headlam-Morley points out in the introduction of this volume that at the time Anglo-French relations were normal and placid and that therefore there was little need for communication. Besides, the heads of the French government were absent from Paris during a large part of July, while Lord Bertie, the British ambassador to France, was in London part of the time and M. Paul Cambon, the French ambassador to England, paid a visit to Paris from July 25 to 27, thus obviating the need for a good deal of correspondence. But it should also be remarked that a perusal of the documents leaves upon the reader the distinct impression that Sir Edward Grey, regarding France as only indirectly involved and assuming in advance what her attitude would be, evidently made no attempt to influence the French government or even to inquire regarding the intentions of the French statesmen. When, in the last days of the crisis, it was suggested that Germany would abstain from attacking France if France would agree to remain neutral in a war between Germany and Russia, the proposal was passed on to Paris in a half-hearted fashion. The ambassador was not even instructed to broach the subject to the French government. Cambon, when the matter was mentioned, failed to react and the whole thing was allowed to drop. Grey assumed that France was bound at the outset and did not bother to reply to Bertie's question as to whether he should inquire what France's obligations under the Franco-Russian Alliance precisely were. Obviously there was little reason for correspondence under these conditions.

But in spite of the paucity of material on French policy in this British collection there are several documents of first-rate importance. It must be confessed that they confirm and in some respect even strengthen the suspicions entertained in regard to M. Poincaré's policy, expecially in the early days of the crisis. Thus it appears from No. 67 that already on July 20 Grey, in a telegram to Sir George Buchanan, British ambassador to Russia, had suggested that "it would be very desirable that Austria and Russia should discuss things together if they become difficult." But when Buchanan passed this suggestion on to Poincaré at St. Petersburg, "His Excellency expressed opinion that a conversation *à deux* between Austria and Russia would be very dangerous at the present moment, and seemed favorable to moderating counsels by France and England at Vienna." This document is of the greatest significance, because it goes to the very root of the matter. As yet the terms of the Austrian note were unknown, as M. Poincaré himself admits. The French, Russian, and Italian ambassadors at Vienna were still confident that matters might be settled without an appeal to force. Of course it was feared that the Austrian demands might be very severe and that friction between Austria and Russia might result. The German theory of localization may have been impracticable but certainly there was a good deal of sound common sense in Grey's suggestion that direct pourparlers between Austria and Russia might be the best way to avoid complications if they arose. But this method, by which innumerable disputes had been settled before, was rejected by Poincaré at the very outset. Under no conditions was Austria to be allowed to deal with Serbia as she saw fit. Poincaré advocated outside intervention before the Austrian terms were known; from the very beginning he made himself the champion of the theory of "entente solidarity."

* * *

To be sure, we read in Paleologue's memoirs that the French President in speaking to the Czar "insisted with great force that the only way of saving the peace of the world is an open discussion between all the Great Powers, taking care that one group is not opposed to another." Evidently this was meant especially for the timid and pacific autocrat, for we learn from Document 101, the original text of which has now been published for the first time, that the French and Russian statesmen at St. Petersburg reached the "decision to take action at Vienna with a view to the prevention of a demand for explanations or any summons equivalent to an intervention in the internal affairs of Serbia which the latter would be justified in regarding as an attack on her sovereignty and independence." But there was no thought of reviving the Concert of Europe. It was merely the Entente that was to be mobilized, and instructions were promptly sent to the Russian and French representatives in Vienna to concert together with their British colleague. Their representations were not to be collective, but they were to be in friendly though firm language. The English statesmen immediately realized the implications of such a step. Sir Arthur Nicholson noted: "I would deprecate any representations or advice by the three powers at Vienna. I feel sure that such action would be resented and would do harm," while Sir Eyre Crowe expressed it as his opinion that "any such communication at Vienna would be likely to produce intense irritation, without any beneficial other effect." It is inconceivable that Poincaré should not have realized the import of his action. The evidence would indicate that while at St. Petersburg he was not so much interested in preserving peace as in securing a diplomatic victory for the Triple Entente. Whether he was playing for a military conflict is another story.

At any rate the two allies were in complete accord as to their program. They undoubtedly hoped for English support, but in any case they were determined not to yield. "From the French ambassador's language it almost looked as if France and Russia were determined to make a strong stand even if we declined to join them," wrote Buchanan. Sazonov appears to have been somewhat dubious and to have regarded English aid as indispensable. Hence Poincaré before leaving the Russian capital, impressed upon Paleologue the necessity for keeping Sazonov firm. Anyone who was initiated could see what it all came to, and Sir Eyre Crowe, with characteristic insight, noted upon Buchanan's report:

> The moment has passed when it might have been possible to enlist French support in an effort to hold back Russia. It is clear that France and Russia are decided to accept the challenge thrown out to them. Whatever we may think of the merits of the Austrian charges against Servia, France and Russia consider that these are the pretexts, and that the bigger cause of Triple Alliance against Triple Entente is definitely engaged.

These few excerpts speak so eloquently as to make further details almost superfluous. The attitude taken by Poincaré and, at his instigation, by Sazonov, was that Russia could not back down, but that Austria must. It left Austria no choice but acceptance of humiliation or a European War. It was quite in accordance with this program that Paul Cambon on July 24 urged upon Grey the necessity for mediation at Vienna between Austria and Serbia, and it was also in accordance with this program that Paleologue told Sazonov on July 25 "that he was in a position to give his Excellency formal assurance that France placed herself unreservedly on Russia's side." In reply to Buchanan's remonstrances Sazonov said: "Russia cannot allow Austria to crush Serbia and become the predominant Power in the Balkans, and, secure of support of France, she will face all the risks of war." (In the British Blue Book No. 17 the last clause was paraphrased to read: "And, if she feels secure of the support of France, she will face all the risks of war").

* * *

To be sure, the attitude of Dumaine, the French ambassador in Vienna, was quite different. After several talks with the Serbian minister he wrote home "that the Austro-Hungarian government were compelled either to acquiesce in separation of those provinces (i. e. the Southern Slav provinces) or make a desperate effort to retain them by reducing Serbia to impotency." Similarly Bienvenu-Martin, the acting minister of foreign affairs in Paris, was more conciliatorily inclined. He accepted the idea of localization and of French representation at St. Petersburg. But Dumaine could be ignored and Bienvenu-Martin was silenced by a sharp rebuff from Russia. It is quite likely that Paul Cambon hurried to Paris to set him right. When France, on July 27, accepted the English proposal of mediation by the four disinterested Powers it was with emphasis on the necessity for preliminary German action at Vienna, the *sine qua non* of success. Neither Dumaine nor Bienvenu-Martin were members of the inner ring composed of Poincaré, Viviani, Paleologue, Berthelot and the two Cambons. These documents do not give a very clear picture of Paul Cambon's activity in the earlier days of the crisis, but everything indicates that his brother Jules in Berlin was one of the irreconcilables. Already on July 18 he remarked to Sir Horace Rumbold that "the air would have to be cleared some time or other" between Germany and France, and a little later, after speaking very sharply to Jagow, he expressed the opinion that Germany and Austria were "playing a dangerous game of bluff and that they think they can carry matters through with a high hand."

The English statesmen were under no illusions in regard to the French policy, though they were disagreed as to what should be done about it. Both the French and the Russians were bringing continuous pressure to bear to convince Grey that an open declaration on the part of England in favor of France and Russia would intimidate Germany. Crowe was for deciding to mobilize the fleet as soon as any other power mobilized and for informing France and England of this decision, but Grey knew that public opinion and the cabinet would be opposed and that further developments must be awaited. Lord Bertie, in Paris was consistently opposed to espousing so bad a cause, though he was known to be a friend of the Entente and not leniently disposed to Germany. He found it hard to believe, in the beginning, that France would fight or even want to fight and took the stand that the French government "should be encouraged to put pressure on the Russian government not to assume the absurd and obsolete attitude of Russia being the protectress

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of all Slav states, whatever their conduct, for this will lead to war." He suspected and distrusted Isvolski and noted uneasily the growing bellicosity of the press and the public on Poincaré's return. He was in full sympathy with Grey's refusal to give definite promises of support to France and Russia: "The French, instead of putting pressure on the Russian government to moderate their zeal, expect us to give the Germans to understand that we mean fighting if war break out. If we gave an assurance of armed assistance to France and Russia now, Russia would become more exacting and France would follow in her wake," he finally wrote on July 30, when he had come to realize the true state of affairs.

There remains but little to add. The French government, so far as one can see, did nothing to prevent the coming catastrophe. All one can say for the French policy is that it was extremely clever and tactful, everything being designed to make a good impression at home and above all in England. When possible the English proposals were accepted, though there is no evidence in these documents that the French replied to the English suggestion that Austria be allowed to take Belgrade and hold it as a pawn during the negotiations. At the same time the French statesmen were profuse in their declarations of pacific intentions. Apparently this was mere camouflage, and Mr. Headlam-Morley seems somewhat naïve when, in the introduction he unhesitatingly throws out the statement reported to have been made by Poincaré to a friend of the Spanish Ambassador (No. 320 July 30) to the effect "that he considers war inevitable." In any case these documents leave no doubt whatsoever that the famous order withdrawing the French troops ten kilometers behind the frontier had no other purpose than to show the British government and the British public that France and Russia would not draw the sword first. At the same time the British government was literally bombarded with arguments for intervention and by reports of German preparations and violations of the frontiers. It should be remembered, however, that at the same time the French government was renewing its assurances of support to Russia, and that it was fully informed of the Russian preparations. All this seems to have had little bearing on the development of British action. Grey was himself fully informed in regard to the Russian mobilization and he was quite *au courant* of the French military preparations. The English decision, then, was not due to pressure on the part of the French, nor to misrepresentations, but rather to considerations of another sort, a discussion of which does not belong to this paper. It is hardly necessary, therefore, to enter into the details of the crowded last days.

From the point of view of French policy the importance of these documents lies in the light they throw upon the earlier days of the crisis. France took her stand at the very beginning and held to it consistently throughout. Her policy left Austria and Germany only two alternatives—humiliation or a general war. It appears from these documents that there was really much misapprehension in both Vienna and Berlin as to the probable attitude of Russia, England, and even France. But there could hardly have been in the minds of the French statesmen even the shadow of a doubt as to the probable attitude of the Central Powers if threatened with humiliation.

A Striking Novel

RED DAMASK. By EMANIE SACHS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

MRS. SACHS'S new book runs some risk of not being estimated at its proper value. It gathers power so gradually that, not altogether inexcusably, many readers may fail to realize the wealth of energy that it actually unlooses, and, finding a drab background drab, may ignore the tragedy enacted against it.

That tragedy is Abby Hahl's. Abby is an enthusiastic Jewess crucified by the conventions of a successful Hebrew family in New York. She has something ascetic and creative in her, but hardly enough to overcome the fat red-damasked luxury of her surroundings and the platitudinous ignorance and prejudice of her family and friends. She has a rich sympathy which makes it peculiarly hard for her to assert her own nature. The book is a record of the thwarting of her individuality from the day she gave up her study of architecture out of deference to the Red Damask, to the hard hour when she renounced Mike Heron, that last for me an easy task. Abby is a very powerfully painted portrait. She combines the commonplace and the tragic in a thoroughly natural manner. She has more than photographic reality. And she moves the reader in her progress from one sadly ironic situation to the next. The other figures in the work are perhaps not so good. Her lymphatic husband Gilbert Ware, troubled by the "American equivalent for a pogrom, exclusion from Gentile clubs," her kindly old uncomprehending grandfather, her loathsome mother, her detestable aunts, are rather photographic than artistic. And her lover Mike Heron is neither.

In fact he seems to me the weak figure in the book, and for a reason. He is rather a woman's idea of an interesting man than an interesting man. Mrs. Sachs has invested him with a strange unconscious glamour that makes me want to punch his eye. He is blood brother to Will Ladislaw, and Thaddeus of Warsaw, and even Darcy, and all that long array of heroes created by the feminine mind, who madden men as Eustacia Vye, and Cleopatra, and She who must be obeyed infuriate actual women. I far prefer Abby's husband, the tearful Gilbert Ware.

But having said my say on this head, it is appropriate for me to return to the book's excellence. It deals powerfully with a great social question—the Jew and his struggle. Like others he has defeated his disabilities—at a cost. The physical and spiritual handicaps which he has overcome have given place to another set of difficulties. Certainly few more able tracts have been written on the dangers of safety. Mrs. Sachs has woven that peril into her narrative and rounded all to a striking and tragic conclusion. Though she may not have exhibited, in attacking a theme similar to that of the "Matriarch," such brilliance and gaiety as Miss Stern's, she has thought her own thought and made her own point. This book is no cheap exploitation of a problem. It had to be written. It is full of genuine passion and sadness. And as to the reader who lays it down, his sympathies untouched and his intellect in its natural state of quiescence, Mrs. Sachs will do well not to worry about him.

Chesterton, Rhapsodist

THE OUTLINE OF SANITY. By G. K. CHESTERTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. CHESTERTON is a collectivist in religion and an individualist in economics. The case for a corporate creed and distributive property is probably as good as, or better than, the case for corporate or community property and distributive or individualistic creeds. My own sympathies are perhaps for the distributive in both, but so long as I find the problem too complex for either a conviction or a program, the sympathies remain personal and ineffective.

At any rate the elder days when most people were Catholic peasants seem to G. K. C. a blissful retrospect, and the present—which he calls industrial and capitalistic with much the same wholesale question-begging inclusiveness as his socialistic enemies—he finds a distressing affair with a desperate future. The men of those elder days, who lived among manors and monasteries, did not, so far as one can infer, like them as well as Mr. Chesterton does; some people seem to have disliked them quite as much as he dislikes corporations and factories. A fourteenth century serf felt the feudal system on his neck as distinctly as anyone who calls himself a "wage slave" feels the capitalistic system. Guilds can be as oppressive as trade unions or mergers, barons in armor as hard-hearted as barons in coal. Utopias of the past are more insidious than Utopias of the future both because they have been partially true and because they are wholly more interesting.

But "The Outline of Sanity" is not about the Middle Ages and the Catholic Church, or only incidentally so, and, after all, one's discontent with Mr. Chesterton is not because he is eccentric in history or logic, fact or inference. His criticism of modern industrialism is not new. His is one of many eloquent voices raised in protest against the social and economic trend. Carlyle and Ruskin said essentially the same things about it several generations ago. The protest was called for and the eloquent voices had their meed of attention. But sooner or later there came a time for each of these three arresting protesters when we began to remark: "It is curious, but this extraordinary man is growing extraordinarily tiresome." Carlyle probably retained the largest residuum of respect from the wreck of the disillusionment. With Mr. Chesterton it has come more quickly than with either of the others, probably because there is less force behind his flash. His mannerisms, if less remarkable than Carlyle's, are not less persistent; and his manner is Ruskinian enough—has enough of the positive pedagogue toward his purblind pupils—to provoke the ejaculation of Cromwell to those who sat in Parliament with the oracles of Sinai under their hats: "In God's name, I beseech you, think you may be mistaken!" To assume by title, the insanity of all those who differ from you is not a persuasive beginning. And if the manner of the advocate is to the general effect of: "This is absolutely plain, and whoever does not see it is idiotic if not depraved;" and if the possibly persuadable listener does not see it at all; a certain embarrassment arises and the possibly persuadable becomes resolved not to be persuaded if he can help it.

A recent reviewer remarks of Lord Bryce as a parliamentary speaker that he was sometimes dull. "His stuff was good but often irrelevant. His mighty store of knowledge was a snare." Mr. Chesterton's amazing fertility of original similitudes is also a snare. His illustrations are too many, too miscellaneous, and too patently clever. They explode all over the page. His nimble fancy dances in front like a will-o-the-wisp and the argument gets lost in the bush.

Some of these are perhaps among the reasons why Mr. Chesterton is not as effective an influence as one might expect of a writer who is so brilliant and provocative and who maintains so many ideals that many of us contemplate with desire although with doubt. The characteristics of the age which excite him to an ecstasy of distaste trouble also many thinkers more sober than he.

England is perhaps the most industrial and incorporated of all countries. Unionized workingmen and their families are said to be a majority of its population, and the man who works upon his own land is exceptional. The "Outline of Sanity" is essentially written for Englishmen about England, and necessarily is more interesting there than in this country. But it preaches "the religion of small property" and there is sense in the doctrine, sense perhaps in the idea of making a religion of it, if it can be done. Religions are not made, though they are sometimes planted. The current is mostly the other way—toward more and more group action and share property—and how can anything "buck against" it except something believed in with fire and fury? One may wish success to a propaganda, while suspecting that it has not the ghost of a chance, and even suspecting that its failure will probably after all not doom the world to such dismal decay as Mr. Chesterton foresees.

Gyring and Gimbling

(*Continued from first page*)

"hits upon the happy idea" of illustrating "a technique and artistic conception transcending the kind of writing which consists in a long line of bits of information placed end to end," by a series of examples where she can explain herself in her own terms. Since it may be possible to understand Joyce by comprehending Stein we hasten to be elucidated. Perhaps two of her examples will serve:—

AN ELUCIDATION

Halve Rivers and Harbours

Elucidation.
First as Explanation.
Elucidate the problem of halve.
Halve and have.
Halve Rivers and Harbours,
Have rivers and harbours.

You do see that halve rivers and harbours, halve rivers and harbours, you do see that halve rivers and harbours makes halve rivers and harbours and you do see, you do see that you that you do not have rivers and harbours when you halve rivers and harbours, you do see that you can halve rivers and harbours.

I refuse have rivers and harbours I have refused. I do refuse have rivers and harbours. I receive halve rivers and harbours, I accept halve rivers and harbours.

I have elucidated the pretence of halve rivers and harbours and the acceptation of halve rivers and harbours.

This is a new preparation.
Do not share.
He will not bestow.
They can meditate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I am going to do so.

I have an explanation of this in this way. If we say, Do not share, he will not bestow they can meditate I am going to do so, we have organised an irregular commonplace and we have made excess return to rambling, I always like the use of these, but not particularly.*

ANOTHER EXPLANATION

I think I won't
I think I will
I think I will
I think I won't
I think I won't
I think I will
I think I will
I think I won't.
I think I won't
I think I will
I think I will
I think I won't
I think I will
I think I won't
I think I will
I think I won't.
I think I will
I think I won't
I think I won't
I think I won't
I think I won't
I think I will
I think I won't
Of course
I think I will
I think I won't
I think I won't
I think I will

This is a good example if you do not abuse it.

Where they like.

Can follow where they like.

I think this is a good example.

I think I will.

I am afraid I have been too careful.

I think I will.

Two examples and then an elucidation and a separation of one example from the other one.

I think I will.

Then very certainly we need not repeat.

Can there at this rate can there have been at this rate more and more.

Can at this rate can there have been at this rate can there have been more and more at this rate.

At this rate there can not have been there can not have been at this rate there can not have been more and more at this rate. At this rate there can not have been more and more. There can not have been at this rate, there can not have been more and more at this rate there can not have been more and more at this rate.

What did I say. Full of charms I said.

Full of what. Full of charms I said.

What did I say, full of charms I said.

If in order to see incidentally incidentally I request to see extraordinarily.

If in order to see incidentally I request to see,
I see you I see you too.

The charm of this phrasing is undeniable. It has the suavity of Lewis Carroll's whiting, "Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?" and the mystic suggestion of that "Aoi" in the "Chanson de Roland" which no one has ever been able to translate. But this is not the language of snails and whitings or of Frankish primitives; it is a tongue of the future when our words will clash like cymbals symbols and mean what they sound like, if you know what that means. We shall translate our thoughts into airy syllables that spell nothing at all.

Many take Miss Stein seriously (she is already a cult) and so will we. This is onslaught and ravage upon the English language which hitherto has been able to combine the highest imagination with sense, common or uncommon. Language was made for men, not men for language, but these Parisian expatriates would turn over the age-old structure in order to get new effects. Lylly, quite as intelligent a genius as Joyce and Stein, tried it in the sixteenth century, powerfully influenced his literary contemporaries, as they have, and with his "Euphues" and his imitators became a by-word. The parallel is not inexact, for "Euphues," like "Ulysses" and this new work by Joyce, is a book of scope and plan, intolerable only in its execution.

The giants are often like that, especially in a period of decadence and affectation. Their obfuscations and great motions never carried through touch the imagination of men weary of the shining lucidities of the gods. They have attempted new things and the wise may learn of them, but for the foolish they are illusion, delusion, and confusion. When, blundering up the ramparts of Olympus, they murmur with Miss Stein—

If in beginning, if in beginning, I begin to be connectedly and carefully and collectedly if I agree, if in beginning I agree, then I agree you agree and we agree—

may Lewis Carroll be there on the ramparts, to take his vorpal sword in hand and smite the frumious Bandersnatchs!

*See first note.

The Bowling Green

The Wounded Oyster

IT was odd that of all those thousands of people streaming by, we were the only ones who stopped in to explore the dingy second-hand bookshop. Never before had so big a crowd gone past it. As we stood trying to see what classification, if any, existed along the grimy shelves we could hear the throng tramping past. There had been a world's championship prizefight near there, and sixty thousand spectators. Rather than fight for places in buses, taxies, and trolleys, about half of them preferred to walk back to the ferries.

There was pathos in the puzzled look of the old bookseller. He had emerged from his dusty little burrow at the back and stood at the open door watching the crowd press by. As Edna took off her smart white gloves and slipped them into my pocket, I saw that shadow of wistfulness that troubles her when we both feel the same thing but don't quite know how to communicate it. The hot summer afternoon, the impure air of the book-stuffed shop, the feeling of finality one has when a long-anticipated event is suddenly over, some dim awareness of all the tender and troubled secrets hidden in these masses of abandoned volumes, and the contrast of the voices and movement outside, life going by so fierce and random. . . . I could see in Edna's face that she wanted me to buy something, even if only to encourage the old bookseller. And it must be just the right thing, too. Edna has a queer way of putting one on his mettle, in niceties of sentiment.

Devotees of old bookstores are not nice about dirt, but I've never seen one sootier than that. There must be some secret symbolism in the affinity between books and dust. Second-hand bookshops that are much frequented keep fairly clean because the patrons carry away so much of the dust on their clothes. But I'm afraid this place had few customers. It was well-stocked: I saw at once several things that tempted me. As I worked my way deeper into the store I heard Edna amiably duetting with the old gentleman. She is always rather at the mercy of talkative people, she is not skilful at amputating conversations.

Perhaps because I had just lost a small wager on the Fight I was feeling thrifty. But while I was glancing at a volume of Emerson's Essays I had a sudden impulse. Unobserved, I slipped a clean five dollar bill into the book, at the first page of the essay on Compensation. I put the volume carefully back in its place on the shelf. Farther along the same row I found a copy of *Ethics of the Dust*, which I thought would be an appropriate souvenir of our visit. It was marked 40 cents. I could see that Edna thought this hardly a large enough purchase, but I gave her our special signal which means "Come along and don't argue; something important is happening."

Every now and then, when Edna and I had a chance to lunch together, we used to slip across the river to revisit the bookshop. While she engaged the old man in conversation I would peep stealthily between the pages of Emerson. But always the bill was still there. In one or two hard-up spells I was almost tempted to replevin it myself. I suppose there's not much demand for Emerson in that region of docks and factories, but I was a little disappointed that my stratagem had had no effect. I even read the essay on Compensation aloud to Edna one evening; we found it a trifle solemn.

The following autumn, after a considerable interim, we visited the shop again. What a change! It had been painted, the books rearranged, and the old bibliophile showed signs of animation.

"Well," he said, "a mighty queer thing happened. Just before school opened there was a young woman in here, a teacher, looking for a copy of Emerson's Essays. She got it off the shelf, and then she says 'Why, there's some money in it!' Sure enough, there was a five dollar bill in the book, what do you think of that? She might just as well kept it, I had no idea it was there, but she wouldn't. Said it didn't belong to her. Well, it didn't belong to me neither, but finally we agreed to split it. After she'd gone, I got to thinking. That was one of a lot I bought from an estate in Plainfield, an eccentric old gentleman: maybe there might be more money in some of those books. Besides I was sort of scared, thought it might be some kind of a plant to get me in wrong somehow, or to pass off bad bills on me; you never know who might want to do you dirt. I went through all the shelves on that side of the store, just to see. I didn't find any money, but I like to suffocate with the dust. That started me cleaning up. This place was too dirty to get decent folks to come in. That school teacher was so excited about finding that bill she come in again and bought a lot more, and she sent all her pupils in here to buy their textbooks. Then the local paper got hold of it and wrote it up. Business has been grand. But say, that was a queer thing, hey? I'm going to put up this sign in the window."

He pointed to a placard, which read:—

YOU MAY FIND MONEY
IN THESE BOOKS

As we went back in the ferry Edna looked at me with a special lustre in her eyes. "The wounded oyster," she said, "mends his shell with pearl." That, I ought to explain, is a line from the essay on Compensation.

I really must get around to reading *Ethics of the Dust*. I have a feeling there are messages in it for me.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Ornithorhyncus

THE Ornithorhyncus
May possibly link us
Men with oviparous things
Who move on their stomachs instead of on legs
And share the great secret of how to lay eggs
With creatures who go in for wings.
The probable link
Biologists think
Is the fact (I'm not telling a tale)
That the ornithorhyncus is also a mammal
Like the ant-eater, you, me or the camel
The wallaby, weasel and whale.
Biologists think of this wonderful creature
And ask themselves—What sort of soul
Can the Dame Nature, that blunderful teacher
Have given the duck and the mole?
For the duck and the mole in the ornithorhyncus
Are not too unfairly divided,
But whether such ancestors raise us or sink us,
And whether the Lords of Eternity think us
Fit to be heirs of the ornithorhyncus
Biologists haven't decided.

—GEOFFREY DEARMER.

John O' London's Weekly reports the appointment of Sir Hugh Clifford as Governor of Malaya, where he started his career. Sir Hugh was an intimate friend of the late Joseph Conrad, who dedicated his novel "Chance" to him. "The Other Side of Silence" will be recalled as one of Sir Hugh's remarkable works of fiction. He has served England as a Colonial Governor, has brilliantly administrated Nigeria and Ceylon, and is so thoroughly familiar with all things Malayan that years ago he challenged Conrad's "unfortunate lack of knowledge concerning things Malayan."

Of special literary interest among the John Guggenheim Memorial Fellowships announced for 1927 are those of Dr. John William Draper, Professor of English at the University of Maine—for preparation of a bibliography of eighteenth century works on Aesthetics; of Dr. Odell Shepard of Trinity College for the preparation of a book to be entitled "Romantic Solitude" and for researches in the history of the Romantic Movement; of Mr. Walter White, the novelist and assistant Executive Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, for creative writing in prose, in France; and to Dr. John Andrew Rice, Jr., of the University of Nebraska, for an investigation of the authorship of "A Tale of a Tub,"—the last-named apparently questioning the present universal acceptance of the author of this work as Jonathan Swift.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

Christian Origins

THE APOSTOLIC MESSAGE: A Historical Inquiry. By BENJAMIN W. BACON. New York: The Century Co. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY J. CADBURY

IN spite of modern impatience with authorities, whether of early Christianity as normative for our beliefs or of the modern specialist as worth hearing, this book on the primitive message of the Apostles should be regarded as important. Its subject is one of great interest bearing as it does on the controversies of our day. Its author, the Buckingham Professor in the Yale Divinity School, has some claim to the title of dean of American New Testament scholars. Its method is an attempt at scientific analysis. Its style unfortunately leaves something to be desired in clearness, but is not too technical for any intelligent layman.

The task which the author sets himself is to recover from the modified and varying interpretations of Jesus found in the New Testament writers the common underlying apostolic message about Him, and if possible Jesus's thought about Himself. It is generally acknowledged that even the theology of Paul differs from the gospel that was first preached by the Twelve and that the New Testament teaching about Jesus was not the teaching of Jesus. Professor Bacon realizes the transformations of this earliest era of Christian thinking and emphasizes its importance:

> Our brief inspection of the canonical archives of the Church will have had at least this effect. We shall realize better than before the vital significance of that obscure non-literary period which precedes all our surviving documents, a period more truly formative of the faith than any other, but one wherein the message received expression only in oral form, and (after the oriental manner) was embodied in ritual.

In this era "almost every type of teaching had been advanced, and the twenty years of silence after Calvary were of greater importance for the development of Christian teaching than the hundred years of missionary activity which followed."

The problems of Christian origins may be stated in many ways. This work deals very largely with the content of the early preaching and ritual, especially in connection with Jesus's death. It is pointed out that Paul makes the death of Jesus central, that the Eucharist must also be associated with it and that to Jesus Himself its meaning required some formulation. Other items in theology rivalled this one in importance later. Even some New Testament writers have no explicit theory of atonement. Dr. Bacon shows clearly that substitutionary atonement is not even as early as Paul. Yet Paul believed that Jesus gave Himself on behalf of humanity and of each man. To Jesus, however, His death had a less individual and less universal meaning. He may be regarded rather as giving the last measure of devotion as a true patriot and martyr on behalf of the nation. In this sense Professor Bacon would regard His words at the supper about His body as genuine words of Jesus. Except for Paul's universalizing of this service, his emphasis on Jesus's death was also the primitive emphasis.

But how did the Christians come to feel the centrality of the cross. Was it the need of interpreting vicarious suffering? Was it the stumbling-block of the crucifixion of a Messiah? Was it the failure of works of the law to justify? Was it a nucleus of theology given by Jesus Himself? If, as Bacon thinks, it was the last, its origin still remains to be explained.

Bacon attributes to Jewish scripture and theology a large place. He emphasizes the several lines of thought that may be called variously a "wisdom" Christology, a "servant" Christology based on Isaiah 53, and the Maccabean concept of patriotic martyrdom and of consequent merit stored up for the nation. The present critic fears that he overdoes the assumption that theological explanation was felt to be necessary and that these older concepts were definite enough for early Christians to appropriate them and for us to recognize their application. The stress laid upon the sacraments by Bacon seems also excessive. Was baptism really a rite of initiation? And can we feel sure that Jesus thought through His martyr rôle?

Professor Bacon's positions will not bring unqualified comfort to any party of readers (in case at least they understand him). It is true that he seems here to accept blood atonement as the central doctrine of early Christianity, but his method is too modern and his theology much too free to suit blood atonement fundamentalists. The sacramentalists too will find him only a dubious ally. Scholars who like to read the Christian sacraments back to Greek or Oriental religions will not favor his explaining even of Paul from purely Jewish theological premises. As between forensic justification and moral sanctification Professor Bacon shows no exclusive choice. Both were primitive, found even in the pre-Pauline records. The many modern Christians who dislike theology will find least consolation of all, for Professor Bacon finds a theology even in James and Luke and the synoptic record generally. But every earnest and enlightened Christian will agree with his concluding demand that the Christian gospel must be interpreted afresh to our own day in terms adequate to our times. The original love and tragedy of Jesus were conditioned, as such things have to be conditioned, in a historic setting. Yet still we can say, "Hereby know we love." They were interpreted in the anthropomorphisms and metaphors of Jewish theology, yet still we can see there the love of God in Christ constraining us.

A Variety of Masks

PERSONAE: The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by R. P. BLACKMUR

THESE poems are arranged in a rough chronological sequence, and they betray not so much a "growth" as multiplicity and change. What we have is not the customary single tune played with an increasing intensity and skill, but a measured variety of themes elaborated with an equal skill.

Ezra Pound's poems are not confused in his individual experience; the virtue of his work is not in the expression of his private fervors and dismays. What is personal in his work is the general tone infusing his various styles; and the ultimate value of his poetry should be in the adequacy of his methods and the freshness of his ways of feeling, rather than the novelty or truth of his substance. This sort of statement applies to whole periods of poetry; to the Augustan age in Rome and in England—to Horace and Propertius, to Dryden and Pope. Thus it is not intended to diminish the poet discussed.

The fact that so great a bulk of Pound's work is translation affects its value very little. Anglo-Saxon, Provencal, Latin, Italian, and Chinese originals wear very new and excellent faces in Pound's English.

Without great original genius, Pound has made more *poetry* than most of his contemporaries; because he has understood better than almost anyone what poetry is not, and because he has perfected an aptitude for the beauty of words and for that beauty in things which is relevant to words and not to paint or carved stone or pianolas. He has kept within his medium, and has thereby achieved a triumph of style varying from a hard radiance to the most limpid image.

"A catalogue, his jewels of conversation;" and there is nothing fraudulent, not a single item pretentious, vain, vapid, or dull in the whole long list here assembled. The temple and the side show are equitably displayed; the glittering, the tenuous, the ironic, the simple breathing of words into being . . . and so on: an index of images and a hierarchy of wit. And all this prompted by an actual poetic talent and not by a wild hankering to shout.

As for innovations, Pound's unfinished Cantos—not printed here—present an analogical method of treating widely diverse experience peculiarly appropriate today. And all his work exemplifies a fresh use of language: words used with an amazing aptness and pertinence. The poetry of a thing is its meaning; and while everything else in the world may be suggested, that meaning must be presented *apparently* in terms of the thing itself alone. This Pound has done.

The nub of the matter is in the title. We have several attitudes or moods towards things, and poetry is the mask these moods sometimes wear. *Personae* were the masks of Roman actors. But they were not masks worn to hide character but to show its clearest face. They hid only the irrelevant and unseemly, the unreality of the private individual under the definition and the clarity of a symbol. So Ezra Pound has supplied a variety of masks—some beautiful, some malicious, some ironical—and all better made than any in our generation.

Lawyers and Litigants in Ancient Athens

By ROBERT J. BONNER

Ever jealous of the expert, the Athenians tried to prevent the rise of a legal profession. But sycophants, speech-writers, and advocates plied their trade in spite of restrictions. With great understanding and appreciation Professor Ponner here records these early legal practices, and for the lawyer who is interested in the history of his profession there is available no clearer report of the Athenian judicial system—its virtues and its faults.

$2.50, *postpaid* $2.60

The Business Life of Ancient Athens

By GEORGE M. CALHOUN

The busy docks and markets in the Piraeus, the financial district where capital was mobilized and put to work, the industrial region around Laurium, are aspects of ancient Athens about which little has been written. Here for the first time may be learned how business and finance were carried on in the fourth century B. C.

$2.00, *postpaid* $2.10

The University of Chicago Press

5852 Ellis Avenue, Chicago

The Theory of International Prices

By JAMES W. ANGELL

"Mr. Angell's chapters on 'National Price Structures,' 'Maintenance of Equilibrium,' and 'Dissimilar Currencies and the Effects of Depreciation' strike at the problems that have confronted virtually all the European belligerents since 1918."—*Nashville Tennessean.* "The constructive portion, in the third part, has a wider appeal, dealing as it does with a branch of economic theory which no one who is concerned with economic administration, whether as statesman or trader, can ignore at the present moment."—*London Times.* $5.00 a copy.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Gorgeous Americans of our Romantic Age

5 mid-Victorian "loud speakers"

LYMAN BEECHER
A fiery soul who lived to the noise of conflict. He transformed New England Puritanism into a cult.

HENRY WARD BEECHER
Preacher, abolitionist, feminist, who said, "Woman is appointed for the refinement of the race."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE
She represented the strength and the absurdities of the crinoline period. An early "sob sister," she stirred the nation with "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

HORACE GREELEY
Journalist, dreamer, statesman, who said, "Go West, young man, go West," and stayed in New York and became famous.

P. T. BARNUM
The great showman, exploiter and student of human nature. He fooled most of the people most of the time.

TRUMPETS OF JUBILEE

By

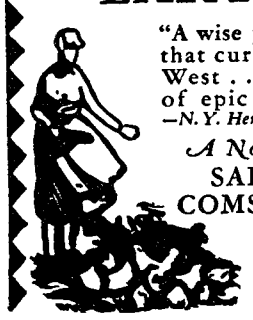
CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE

Just published *Illustrated*, $5.00

Through the lives of these five characters, Miss Rourke reveals the social history of an epoch and uncovers the roots of many important elements of the present American scene.

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

SPEAK *to the* EARTH



"A wise picture of that curious new West . . . flashes of epic beauty." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

A Novel by
SARAH COMSTOCK

$2.00
Doubleday, Page & Co.

A New Idea About Books Thousands are now buying their books at **cost price**—are you? The remarkable Vanguard Plan eliminates all profits. Now you can get good books, full size, well printed and **clothbound** at **only 50 cents** per book. Others sell similar books for $2 and $3. Interesting and vital subjects. Write immediately for free copy of Vanguard catalogue, with introduction by Upton Sinclair. Do it today—now.
VANGUARD PRESS, Inc., Dept. C-12
80 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

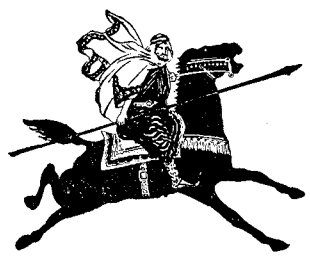
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Publishing Sensation of the Year!

REVOLT IN THE DESERT

by

T. E. Lawrence



¶ "It can only be said that the greatest individual adventure of the war has reached the almost incredible climax of a book that is worthy of it." —*The Saturday Review (London)*

¶ "It is both a record of great deeds and the presentation of the soul of a land and a people and the soul of a man. It is his psychological profundity which makes his book so great a piece of literature. Lawrence owed his success mainly to the fact that his dream rode him like a passion." —*John Buchan in the Saturday Review.*

¶ "You must read Lawrence's book for you will never see the like of it again. It is a great book by a great man. Our era has produced no more fascinating figure." —*Lowell Thomas in the N. Y. Evening Post.*

¶ "REVOLT IN THE DESERT is indeed art of a magic and very exceptional order." —*Philadephia Record.*

¶ "Of all the legends of the war, that of Lawrence of Arabia seems the most likely to endure. Its greatness is not an issue of war, but of Lawrence." —*New York Sun.*

¶ "Whenever there gather in the Valhalla of the Romantics the lovers of the great and heroic deeds, his name will be reverently heard." —*Boston Globe.*

¶ "We even undertake to constitute a Book of the Year Club and declare Lawrence's the book of the year." —*Boston Evening Transcript.*

100th Thousand!

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

$3.00

DORAN BOOKS

Books of Special Interest

A Signer

BUTTON GWINNETT, SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. By CHARLES FRANCIS JENKINS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $10.

Reviewed by HOWARD SWIGGETT

HISTORICAL biography when issued in a limited expensive edition is likely to be of doubtful value. It is not the way important historical works appear. Of course if the subject is a little known signer, whose name on a document recently brought a price of $28,500, all is explained. It is like the hastily issued biographies of Presidential candidates. This mysterious book about a mysterious man, however, is nothing of the sort. The author, himself an owner of one of the thirty-six known Gwinnett items, has been interested since a boyhood near Gwynedd Valley, in his subject, and has with a great deal of industry and sincerity got together more information than we have ever had about Gwinnett. Why, though, the limited edition of such commonplace material and treatment? Button Gwinnett was one of the three Georgia Signers and very little is known of his life. This does not make him a great or good man. The evidence seems to be that he was quite an ordinary one.

This book about him is a careless, repretitious, badly written volume. The Declaration of Independence is described as "the best-known and nearest to the American heart of all our State papers;" and on another page the Declaration "was ordered to lie on the table."

Upon becoming Governor of Georgia, Gwinnett is said to have "now reached the highest office within the gift of the State of Georgia," but just before that Mr. Jenkins observes that "as Madison truly says, speaking of all the Governors of the time, they were but little more than ciphers." Twelve pages later the same office is described "throughout the early days of the nation . . . (as) first in dignity and importance and the height of political graudeur." Repetition is constant. "President Bulloch in calling the convention reminded the citizens of the necessity of selecting delegates of approved patriotism and of high character." "President Bulloch issued his proclamation to the people of Georgia calling the convention . . . urged the election of men whose friendship to the cause of freedom and whose political wisdom, etc." "It took a month to make the journey on horseback from Philadelphia to Savannah." "The distance by road is something over 800 miles and a month was usually consumed in making the trip," etc.

The dull biography of a man, beset with troubles most of which the proceeds of an autograph sale today would have solved, is not made any better because the man was a Signer. Mr. Jenkins says that "Button Gwinnett stood head and shoulders above them all in experience and ability." But they, this Georgia gang, amounted to very little, and whether Gwinnett's gang, or its enemies were closer to the Florida British, it is hard to say. Mr. Jenkins calls the letter from John Hancock with the report on George McIntosh a bombshell. The letter left Baltimore on January 8th and reached Savannah March 14th, or 18th. We have been told that a month was usually consumed between Philadelphia and Savannah. Yet this important dispatch from the President of the Continental Congress took sixty-five days, reaching Gwinnett ten or twelve days after he became President of Georgia. It is interesting to consider where it was meantime and whether anything would have been heard of it had the election gone wrong. Gwinnett died May 19th, 1777, of a wound received in a duel with General McIntosh, brother of George, the accused traitor, but not until August 14th, 1777, was his executor, Lyman Hall, from the proceeds of an auction able to pay "John Wereat, the Continental Agent in Georgia, £2, 513.19s. 3d in Continental currency, being money which belonged to the Continental Congress, and which was in Gwinnett's hands at the time of his death." Continental money was at a premium of eight per cent, and this particular sum was decidedly not in Gwinnett's hands at the time of his death. The estate was small and, at a time when, as Adams points out in "The Founding of New England," the culture of the educated class of the South was wide and fine libraries not confined to a few families, it had nine books and two volumes on agriculture.

The point of all this is that we have practically no evidence, except one or two conventional apostrophes of the day that Button Gwinnett was a man of any importance. Congress was unmoved by his death, and Washington had the most favorable impression of his enemy, Lachlan McIntosh.

The research into a little known life of this sort is one of the best games of the intellectual world. It is a thrilling and engrossing game, but it should be played by experts to be worth anything, and then there will be no reason for limiting the audience.

American Ceramics

EARLY AMERICAN POTTERY AND CHINA. By JOHN SPARGO. New York: Century. 1926. $4.

Reviewed by FLORENCE PAULL BERGER

JOHN SPARGO, who is best known as a Socialist writer, made his debut last fall as a writer on ceramics, in "The Potters and Potteries of Bennington." For many years having been a resident of Bennington, Vt., where this much discussed pottery was made, he has had unusual opportunities to inform himself on the history of this factory and his book is the last word on the subject.

In his more recent book "Early American Pottery and China" the first fifty pages are devoted to explaining the distinction between pottery and "china," which the author says is a synonymous term for porcelain. In common use, we should say that "china" is applied to any ware with a white surface; and this opinion is borne out by old advertisements, which are quoted, on later pages.

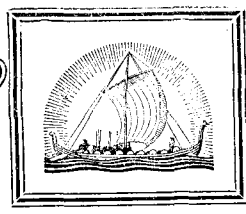
Beginning with American pottery before the Revolution, exclusive of that made by the Indians (which Barber includes), Mr. Spargo, in the first ten chapters traces the history of the potter's craft in America from 1641-1876. Much space is devoted to Bennington wares, covered so thoroughly in his earlier book; but a great deal of information about the early and later attempts at pottery making in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and farther south, and later in Ohio, is given in a form easily read by the student. The first American porcelain made at Jersey City, and that made by William Ellis Tucker of Philadelphia, are also discussed with their characteristics. A valuable chronological list of the potters, where they worked, and what wares they made, is very useful for ready reference.

Chapter XI deals with "Grotesqueries, Satires, and Jests" in the form of pottery figures and drinking vessels; or as applied to the decorations and inscriptions on jugs and dishes,—types of pottery as old as the art itself.

One criticism might be made of the composition of the book which applies to many others with illustrations, namely—that the pictures seem to be inserted with very little thought for the text referring to them. There are but sixteen illustration references in the entire book; and only two of these are in the first two hundred pages, although the reader has passed by thirty-five plates. The text and pictures are widely separated, another objection; as, for instance—Plate 56, opposite p. 312, is discussed on pages 201-205, and one wishes that it were not necessary to turn to the end of the book each time in order to follow the description.

The Appendix gives copies of seventy-eight marks found on American potteries with a key; as well as a complete list of marks used at Bennington. In his bibliography, the author mentions Litchfield's "Pottery and Porcelain" 1925, a guide to collectors, as probably the best book for the amateur collector; Jennie J. Young's "The Ceramic Art: A Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain," 1878; and Jervis "Encyclopædia of Ceramics," 1902, he also considers almost invaluable,—the last now very difficult to procure. Some credit is given to Dr. Barber for his pioneer work, "Pottery and Porcelain of the United States," the general form of which Mr. Spargo has followed, but has omitted illustrations of many nineteenth century wares. Specialized articles such as appear in "Antiques" are also appreciated.

Mr. Spargo is doubtless more indebted to Dr. Barber's researches into the history of pottery making in America than to any other writer on the subject; his book, while not lacking mistakes, serves, nevertheless, as an excellent foundation work.



Barnum Lives Again

"The Prince of Humbugs" has come to life in a new edition of his autobiography which has long been out of print. Waldo R. Browne has taken the many editions of this autobiography and condensed them into a comprehensive and entertaining volume. He has restored many of the delightfully candid passages which Barnum suppressed in his more respectable old age, making the book available to a new and larger generation.

BARNUM'S OWN STORY

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF P. T. BARNUM

The forerunner of the modern publicity and press agent, Barnum was the greatest showman of all time. He presents the picture of his life of high adventure with all the glamour of a born story-teller and all the humor, conscious and unconscious, of a born humbug. His people and phrases are clothed in nineteenth century styles, but his philosophy has a twentieth century slant which makes him more of our times than his own.

GENERAL TOM THUMB

At the age of nine, he had entertained crowned heads of Europe and millions of their subjects.

JENNY LIND

Barnum engaged "the Swedish Nightingale" without ever having heard her sing.

JUMBO

The exporting of Jumbo from England was "the only burning question between England and America."

JOICE HETH

This one hundred and sixty-one year old Hoax was Barnum's first successful attempt at fooling the public.

Octavo, 462 pages, illustrated

$3 at all bookstores

The VIKING PRESS

30 Irving Place, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you think you are pretty good, try the Super-Test, Quiz No. 14!

WHAT'S YOUR AVERAGE

By A. H. M. M.L.H. J. M. Jr.

With an introduction by Kathleen and Charles Norris

ARE YOU A

High I. Q. or a Dumb-Bell?

"Exciting," they write, "that's supremely what this new national fad is. It's amusing, astonishing, infuriating, gratifying—yes. But above all it's exciting. Why? Nobody knows. But get the book, and ask three or four friends to dinner and get some pencils and paper ready— and find out for yourself!"

There are sets of General Questions; questions on Literature, on the Theatre, New York City, Sport, Geography, American History, European History; questions on the Bible. And the answers are all conveniently listed in the back of the book! Can you beat the average of 70 per cent ? Try yourself and see!

E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50

TOVT BIEN OV RIEN

The Road to Xanadu

JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES

This study of poetry in the making and of the psychology of genius marks an epoch in literary scholarship. Written after eight years of research in the books that Coleridge read before writing 'Kubla Khan' and 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,' it reveals in vital, refreshing language the imaginative processes of poetical creation, and illumines the deepest recesses of the creative mind. By the author of *Convention and Revolt in Poetry*. $6.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The leading historian of our time!

FRANK H. SIMONDS, historian and correspondent, heads American political writers; his brilliant articles, impartial, clear, virile, have made him the American most quoted in Europe.

His new book smashes the legends that befog post-war history. Sparing no one, he makes the facts known—understood—exciting! Here is a masterly and thrilling humanization of history—the most important book since the Armistice.

HOW EUROPE MADE PEACE WITHOUT AMERICA

By FRANK H. SIMONDS

$5.00 *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

Books of Special Interest

An Empire-Builder

THE EMBASSY OF SIR THOMAS ROE TO INDIA, 1615-19, as Narrated in His Journal and Correspondence. Edited by SIR WILLIAM FOSTER. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $7.

Reviewed by LEWIS REX MILLER
Harvard University

THE fullness of life in the age of Shakespeare is constantly being brought to our attention. For example, Sir Thomas Roe was not one of the greatest men of that age, yet he was among other things the firm friend of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I, who often spoke of him as "Honest Tom;" the friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, who assisted him in making a voyage which took him 300 miles up the Amazon River; member of Parliament; ambassador to Constantinople, to whose mission there the British Museum owes one of its greatest treasures, the Codex Alexandrinus; counsellor of the great Gustavus Adolphus; Chancellor of the Order of the Garter; ambassador to numerous German courts; and member of the Privy Council. Above all else, he was, insofar as any individual can be given that title, the founder of the British empire in India.

The same epoch-making years which saw the first permanent settlements established in Virginia and New England found Sir Thomas Roe on the other side of the world, laying the foundations of England's oriental empire, not only in India proper, but also in Persia and Arabia. It is interesting to note that this first English ambassador to the court of the Great Mogul enunciated a policy which successive British consuls and viceroys in India repeated, and violated. Roe advised the East India Company not to assume any political obligations in India, not to annex any territory, nor build any forts. He urged them to follow a policy of "hands off," to make peaceful trade their only concern.

A warr and trafique are incompatible (he wrote). By my consent, yow shall no way engage your selves but at sea, wher yow are like to gayne as often as to loose. It is the beggering of the Portugall, notwithstanding his many rich residences and territoryes, that hee keepes souldiers that spends it; yet his garrisons are meane. He never profited by the Indyes, since he defended them. Observe this well. It hath beene also the error of the Dutch, who seeke plantation heere by the swoord. They turne a woonderfull stocke, they proule in all places, they posses some of the best; yet ther dead payes consume all the gayne. Lett this bee received as a rule that, if yow will profitt, seeke it at sea, and in quiett trade; for without controversy it is an error to affect garrisons and land warrs in India.

So said the servants of the Company for more than two centuries. Yet they gradually fought more and more wars, built more and more forts, took over the administration of greater and greater territories. It was inevitable. In India, there could be no trade without empire.

Sir Thomas's own story of his embassy is, fortunately, preserved for us. Published by the Hakluyt Society in 1899, this small edition was soon exhausted. The work has been for many years out of print, and this new edition is most welcome. As all new editions should be, it is an improvement over the first. Not only is it in one volume instead of two, but a great many letters not published in the first edition are included in this, and a number of new illustrations, well chosen, make the book still more attractive. The Introduction has been rewritten in the light of increased knowledge, and the notes supplemented and improved. The learned Historiographer of the India Office has added another admirable volume to his long list of useful and interesting publications.

Science for the Man

THE STREAM OF LIFE. By JULIAN S. HUXLEY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $1.

SCIENCE OF TODAY. By SIR OLIVER LODGE. The same.

THE AGE OF THE EARTH. By ARTHUR HOLMES. The same.

ARTIFEX OR THE FUTURE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP. By JOHN GLOAG. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. $1.

Reviewed by ALBERT PARSONS SACHS

IF science can be said to have a new outlook at present its chief manifestation is in its viewpoint of all nature in a state of continuous flux, of all existence as a permanent evolution.

We have before us three of the "Things-to-Know Series" put out by Harper & Bros. in the pocket size format and containing some sixty or eighty pages so that the popular craving for a diet of simplified knowledge can be satisfied. It is astonishing what a wealth of knowledge can be condensed into a few pages if the author knows his subject matter thoroughly and understands the limitations of his public.

Julian S. Huxley writes on "The Stream of Life" in the form of a series of lectures intended for oral delivery. His presentation of the facts which prove that evolution is an incontestable fact is commended to all doubters. "If a jury had circumstantial evidence one-tenth—one-hundredth—as strong and as extensive before them in a case, they would unhesitatingly convict on it." Admitting the fact of evolution, the mode and cause of evolution are more difficult to determine and are still controversial. Professor Huxley's attitude is tolerant and liberal. Human evolution and the hope of future betterment are wisely discussed.

Sir Oliver Lodge in "Science of Today" gives a splendid introduction to modern physics, especially to the theory of the structure of matter. "The fundamental ideas underlying modern science [are] . . . Uniformity, Continuity, Evolution." In inanimate nature as in organic nature continuity and evolution prevail; atoms evolve and the great nebulæ evolve in a slow course. Sir Oliver treats of both atom and nebula and shows how the knowledge of both has given a firm footing in cosmology. His attitude of scientific interest in all phenomena of heaven or earth has given Sir Oliver an undeservedly sinister reputation in some circles. His attitude towards physical science has always been correct, his learning profound and his powers of exposition almost poetical in their directness and force.

The universe may be infinite in an infinite number of ways: it may be infinite in size, and also consist of things which are infinitesimal in smallness. It must contain things of which we at present have no conception. All we can do is to go on exploring, and thus stretch and enlarge the capacity of the human mind.

Professor Holmes considers "The Age of the Earth" and gives the geological, astronomical, and finally the radio-active evidence in the case. The radio-active rocks are the most marvellous watches in creation dating their origin with remarkable exactness. The concluding chapter on "The Convergence of Evidence" shows that by eight independent methods ranging from the tidal theory of the origin of the moon or the journey of the Solar System from the Milky Way down to the analysis of radio-active minerals the age of the earth as a planet is between 1,600 and 3,000 million years which one can readily admit is a relatively narrow range in view of our own distance in time from the birth of the earth.

In another series, "Today and Tomorrow" which has already given us splendid books by J. B. S. Haldane, E. M. C. Joad, Bertrand Russell, and many others we have a stimulating book called "Artifex or the Future of Craftsmanship," by John Gloag. Few of us realize how dependent our entire culture is on the crafts and how modern production methods are endangering craftsmanship. A history is given of the crafts, particularly in Britain, showing the rhythm of craftsmanship through periods of vigor followed by decline and again succeeded by a rebirth of good taste. "Real craftsmanship must be a part of real life, for unless it plays a vital part in a living system, its products are insincere shams."

This machine age has its craftsmanship no less than the age of manual labor. A mastery of machine-craft, education fostered by capitalistic manufacturers and by trade-unions, a true jointure of labor and capital will tend to improve productive craftsmanship while an increase in public taste fostered by education will create the demand which is perhaps as important a factor in craftsmanlike production as the ability to produce articles in good taste.

Beside all the artists, a Republican Governor and a Democratic Attorney-General signed a telegram drawn up and circulated recently by Witter Bynner and forwarded to Senator W. E. Borah, congratulating Borah on his stand against the Kellogg policy in Nicaragua. Many in Santa Fé N. M., were sympathetic to this non-partisan protest. The telegram says: "Is the secretary trying to consolidate, not only South Americans but North Americans against Washington? We have the advantage of living among Spanish-Americans and of understanding and respecting them."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Letter from France

LITERARY news is not lacking, and, as usual in Paris, is being given wide publicity even in the daily press. M. Roland Dorgelès has bought back for the —here—enormous sum of 45,000 francs the Ms. of his own book "Les Croix de Bois," several years ago presented by him to the artist who illustrated it, M. Daragnès; the original version of Hugo's "Les Misérables" is going to be published under its primitive title, "Les Misères"; a complete edition of Madame Desbordes-Valmore's Poems is, after seventy years' apparent neglect, to be given by M. Jean Variot; finally, M. Pierre Champion issues an appeal to possessors of letters or Mss. of Marcel Schwob preparatory to a complete edition to be published by F. Bernouard whose first important venture this will be.

The veterans of fiction are represented by M. Paul Bourget with a two-volume novel entitled "Nos Actes nous Suivent" (Plon), M. André Gide with "Si le Grain Ne Meurt" (Nouvelle Revue Française), in three volumes, and Maurice Barrès with a posthumous book entitled "Le Mystère en Pleine Lumière" (Plon). Bourget's first volume, the story of an intelligent Revolutionary who loses his nerve in a riot and, from sheer cowardice, causes the death of another man, (afterwards going to America and making an immense fortune there), is a powerful study of remorse; but the second volume is made dull and endless by the too protracted narration of a criminal trial and by disquisitions which belong to a theological treatise rather than a novel.

M. Gide makes us wish for the days—previous to the publication of "Les Caves du Vatican"—when he could say so much in a small volume like "La Porte Etroite"; Maurice Barrès is as usual praised by literary critics who believe in his politics, and unjustly ignored by the others.

Louis de Robert, Paul Ginisty, and Edouard Estaunié have been almost as long before the public. But while Ginisty and Robert are the kind of writers who, through long lives, achieve decent but never complete success, Estaunié at nearly seventy writes as freshly as when he delighted his first readers with "L'Empreinte." A scene in his present story, "Tels qu'ils Furent" (Perrin), when German soldiers forcibly enter an elderly French lady's room during the war of 1870, a dramatic scene between a girl and her family in a Bishop's provincial drawing-room stay in our memory like life itself. Louis de Robert's "Ni Avec Toi ni Sans Toi" (Flammarion), shows the hesitation of a man (who, at fifty, finds at last real love), between his old mother and a very young girl. The resemblance between this situation and that so powerfully handled by François Mauriac in "Genitrix" is obvious, but M. de Robert is an optimist whereas—as we shall have occasion to show —M. Mauriac is not. P. Ginisty's "La Véritable Histoire de la Belle Tiquet" (Fasquelle), is a tale of adventure written in *pastiche* French of the eighteenth century.

Younger writers appear in full force. First among them, M. François Mauriac, who is rapidly rising to a position of undisputed mastery. His "Thérèse Desqueyroux" (Grasset)—which took the *Grand Prix du Roman*, 1926—is another study in feminine baseness in what he himself calls "a heart hopelessly imprisoned in a miry body." But it is entirely without any inartistic effort to produce an effect, it is absolutely sincere. M. Mauriac has succeeded in giving reality to six or seven beings of this kind, and although there rises a suspicion that this so-called Catholic novelist is not healthy, we are not on our guard against him.

Drieu La Rochelle's "La Suite dans les Idées," (Editions Sans Pareil), is a collection of tales and poems which may have been mere "studies," not originally intended for publication, but are the more striking for their vehemence and directness. Drieu La Rochelle is the literary twin brother of M. de Montherlant.

M. André Thérive's "Les Souffrances" (Grasset), is, like his previous novels, a semi-theological study of expiation. Madame Plavigneux is a martyr: her husband, a country notary, is a monster: one atones for the other's inhumanity. M. Thérive has read all the classics professionally and his style is of remarkable—though no doubt conscious—purity. But he has also read Balzac, and his country town characters are convincing. M. de Puortalès's "Montclar" (Nouvelle Revue Française), consists of the several romances making up a modern man's life between his twentieth and his fortieth year. Sincere in conception, less so in treatment, this volume will not probably be as successful as its predecessor, "Liszt," written while "fictional" history was still the rage. Of the latter *genre* M. Octave Aubry's "Le Roman de Napoléon" (Fayard), is a new and very interesting example. It is, of course, the story of Josephine. The theme will always repay study, but one is a little tired of the method.

Other novels of the month are "Gai! Marions-nous!" (Plon), by Mme. Germaine Acremant, which was a success in the "Correspondent"; "La Maison du Maltais" (Plon), a novel by M. J. Vignaud, an orientalist of no ordinary power; and "Le Voleur d'Enfants" (Nouvelle Revue Française), by M. Jules Supervielle, whose inventive pen describes an elephant as "an enormous baby with the thickest kind of skin." M. Giraudoux must have smiled approval.

Grave writers, bearing the future of Europe on their shoulders, are taking the habit of seeking relaxation in novel-writing (for we are in France where everything has to be turned into literature). After M. Fabre-Luce and M. Romier, M. Bainville—the masterly writer of foreign editorials on the *Action Française* and on three other dailies—treats his admirers to an imitation of Lesage, "Jaco et Lori" (Grasset), with not a few reminiscences of Voltaire to help the writer's own causticity. Jaco and Lori are two parrots, changing owners to suit M. Bainville's mischievous designs.

Contributions to literary history are varied and plentiful. Romanticism and its sources are still in the forefront. Paul Plan's monumental editions of Rousseau keeps the father of French Romanticism constantly before the public. Simultaneously the "Grands Ecrivains de la France" collection gives us four volumes on "La Nouvelle Heloïse," the first of which, from the pen of M. Daniel Mornet, tells us how the famous romance was composed. The study of sources, as Teutonic erudition of forty years ago used to understand it, was a more or less methodical accumulation of data, some important, others not. The pupils of G. Lanson—Michaud, Giraud, Foullée, Hazard, Masson, Mornet—still use that method as a preparation, but their final exposé shows us, as clearly as if we were watching the writer at his work, the way the novel or poem was conceived, written, and improved or spoiled. Erudition of this kind constantly chooses, instead of merely disgorging, and is illuminating because of its human character.

"Muses Romantiques" (Le Goupy), by M. Bouteron, and "Le Paris de la Comédie Humaine" (Le Goupy), by H. Clouzot and H. Valensi, less thorough and more discursive in presentment, are, however, products of the same method, and are made fascinating by reproductions of patiently collected pictures.

Baudelaire—the link between the Romanticists proper and their present successors—is still a favorite. M. Valéry introduces him in a new edition of the "Fleurs du Mal" published by Payot. Simultaneously M. François Porché, the well-known poet, gives us "La Vie Douloureuse de Charles Baudelaire" (Plon). M. Valéry's introduction lays considerable stress on Baudelaire's *volonté d'originalité*, that is to say, his consciousness of the working of his mind while writing poetry. We are not surprised. Baudelaire was the greatest admirer Edgar Poe ever had, and he had read and reread the latter's famous remarks on the composition of "The Raven." On the other hand, M. Valéry—whom Abbé Brémond regards as the best modern representative of *poésie pure*, i.e., poetry apart from its subject, has something mathematical in his intellect. His hero is Leonardo da Vinci, a geometrician even when he is an artist. Hence his tendency to explain, and even over-explain, the minds of discoverers whether philosophical or literary. This tendency is also exemplified in M. de Lacretelle's "Aparté" (N. R. F.). One of the three essays making up this volume is a "Praise of Anger." Appended to it we find a diary entitled "Journal de Colère," tracing the progress of this essay from its germ to its completion. M. Gide gave us something similar a few years ago. Such confidences are undoubtedly useful. They are a contribution to the Art of Thinking, on which poets and philosophers alike have collaborated since the working of the mind began to be a matter of interest.

Was the War a Conspiracy or a Collaboration?

Which of the great powers were guilty, which innocent? Or were all guilty together? Did Germany precipitate the struggle, or did she work strenuously to avert it? A vast amount is known today that even the most astute diplomat had no conception of in 1914-18. All this knowledge is analysed in the standard work on the subject: the new, completely revised edition of

THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR

by HARRY ELMER BARNES, Ph.D.,

Author of *History and Social Intelligence, Sociology and Political Theory*, etc.; Professor of Historical Sociology, Smith College; Lecturer on the History of Civilization, New School for Social Research; formerly Bayard Cutting Fellow in History, Columbia University; Bibliographic Editor of *Foreign Affairs* (American).

PROFESSOR BARNES demolishes once for all the propagandist theories of war-guilt which were industriously disseminated by each of the great powers during and just after the war. Using a huge body of newly available documents and monographs, he brings the responsibility for the catastrophe squarely home, not to any one nation or group, but to that system of intricately organized anarchy which was pre-war Europe.

A CONSENSUS of the world's greatest historians, scholars, and publicists accepted *The Genesis of the World War*—even before the present exhaustive revision—as full, fair, authoritative, and uniquely readable. Glance at what a representative handful of these critics have said about the book as a feat of historical scholarship and as a document absorbing to whoever will read its opening sentences:

"No other American scholar has done so much . . . to familiarize his countrymen with the new evidence . . . and to compel them to revise their war-time judgments."—George Peabody Gooch, in the *Contemporary Review*.

"It is not only readable and trustworthy, I must confess that it is comprehensive."—Raymond Beazley, University of Birmingham.

"Before his powerful argument, buttressed with relevant facts, the Sunday School theory of war guilt is utterly demolished."—Charles Austin Beard, in *Current History*.

"He is frank and honest and sober in his statements. He has studied the evidence with care, and he has presented his case in the temper of a historian rather than of a lawyer. We must pay attention to books like this."—Herbert Adams Gibbons, in the *New York Sun*.

"This thoroughly honest, admirably generous book."—R. L. Duffus, in the *New York Times*.

Are not the publishers more than justified in maintaining that no person interested in contemporary affairs can afford to be without the knowledge which this amazing book has to impart about the greatest international problem of our age?

New, Completely Revised Edition

The Genesis of the World War

by Harry Elmer Barnes

The new, completely revised edition is improved:

1) **by treatment of freshly accessible documents, especially from British sources.**
2) **by the results of the author's researches and conferences in Europe during the past year; and**
3) **by full, circumstantial answers to all important criticism of the earlier edition, now exhausted and superseded.**

xxx + 754 pages. At all bookstores, $5.00

Also by Professor Barnes:

History and Social Intelligence

An attempt to define a type of history worthy of exploitation in the interest of the social intelligence. It traces the rise and spread of historical myths, and its range in time is from the Fathers of the American Revolution to the reign of Calvin the Silent. Its analysis of the propaganda during the late war is, on its smaller scale, as brilliant a piece of writing as *The Genesis of the World War*.

xxx + 597 pages. At all bookstores, $5.00

Alfred A. Knopf BORZOI BOOKS **Publisher, New York**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Literature

Self-Revelations

THE SECRET (HEMMELIGHEDEN). By KARIN MICHAELIS. Copenhagen: E. Jespersen Publishing House. 1926.

Reviewed by JULIUS MORITZEN

WHEN Karin Michaelis published the first volume of the series which she called "The Tree of Good and Evil," some three years ago, she gave notice that while not exactly an autobiography, there would be enough of self-revelation presented to satisfy the most curious.

Certainly, in the first part, "The Little Girl with the Glass Pieces," this Danish writer invites the reader to share with her the emotions of such a child as it views life through multicolored glass-pieces and makes each piece fit a different personality. So, also, in the succeeding volume, "The Little Liar," we were permitted to see human nature struggling to rise above its environment, into a realm where the better part of the individual is at home.

In "The Secret," the third volume of "The Tree of Good and Evil," just published, Gunhild has arrived in Copenhagen from her provincial home, and life now takes on an atmosphere that is putting the girl, grown to young womanhood, to her test. She has landed in a boarding-house where she becomes initiated in much that to her seems at first quite beyond the accepted form of good social usage.

Gunhild's purpose in coming to the nation's capital was to have her musical education advanced. The composer, Gudmond Rose, becomes her teacher. Here it is evident that the autobiographical facts are brought fully to the surface. At any rate, instead of following music, as she had intended, Gunhild, on the advice of M. Rose, tries literature. In the meantime she has made many acquaintances and is rapidly learning how men and women are not always what they seem to be. Gunhild's characterization of M. Rose is a striking picture of the man of the world, charming in his way, and yet shrewdly conscious of the complex personality with which he has become confronted in his young pupil. His erotic predilections for Gunhild, however, are kept well in hand, in spite of his encouraging kisses while the young girl is as yet continuing her lesson with him.

Karin Michaelis possesses to a remarkable degree the ability to make her characters living to the reader. In analyzing one or the other of her creations she has an almost uncanny facility for separating the chaff from the wheat. It is not for nothing, therefore, that she gave her novel the general title of "The Tree of Good and Evil."

As for "The Secret," it is the innermost feelings of Gunhild herself that she keeps sacred so far in her narrative. But before the end of this volume is reached the reader learns that she meets a young man with whom she falls in love. Up to that moment she has come unscathed through the fire that would consume her.

Karin Michaelis has herself said that in the fourth and concluding volume of the series Gunhild has married at the age of twenty-two years. Then comes her divorce shortly after, and with this she continues her battle for existence. The book here enters a domain where the author may make certain revelations of which nothing as yet is known. The Danish reading public is fairly familiar with Karin Michaelis's own history, and not a little curious as to how the facts will square with what she will give Gunhild as her part in the drama as yet to be unfolded.

In an age when autobiographical fiction has come to occupy a foremost place in literature, this "Tree of Good and Evil" represents Scandinavian realism with all that this word portends.

Athletic China

PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN CHINA. By GUNSUN HOH. Shanghai: The Commercial Press. 1926.

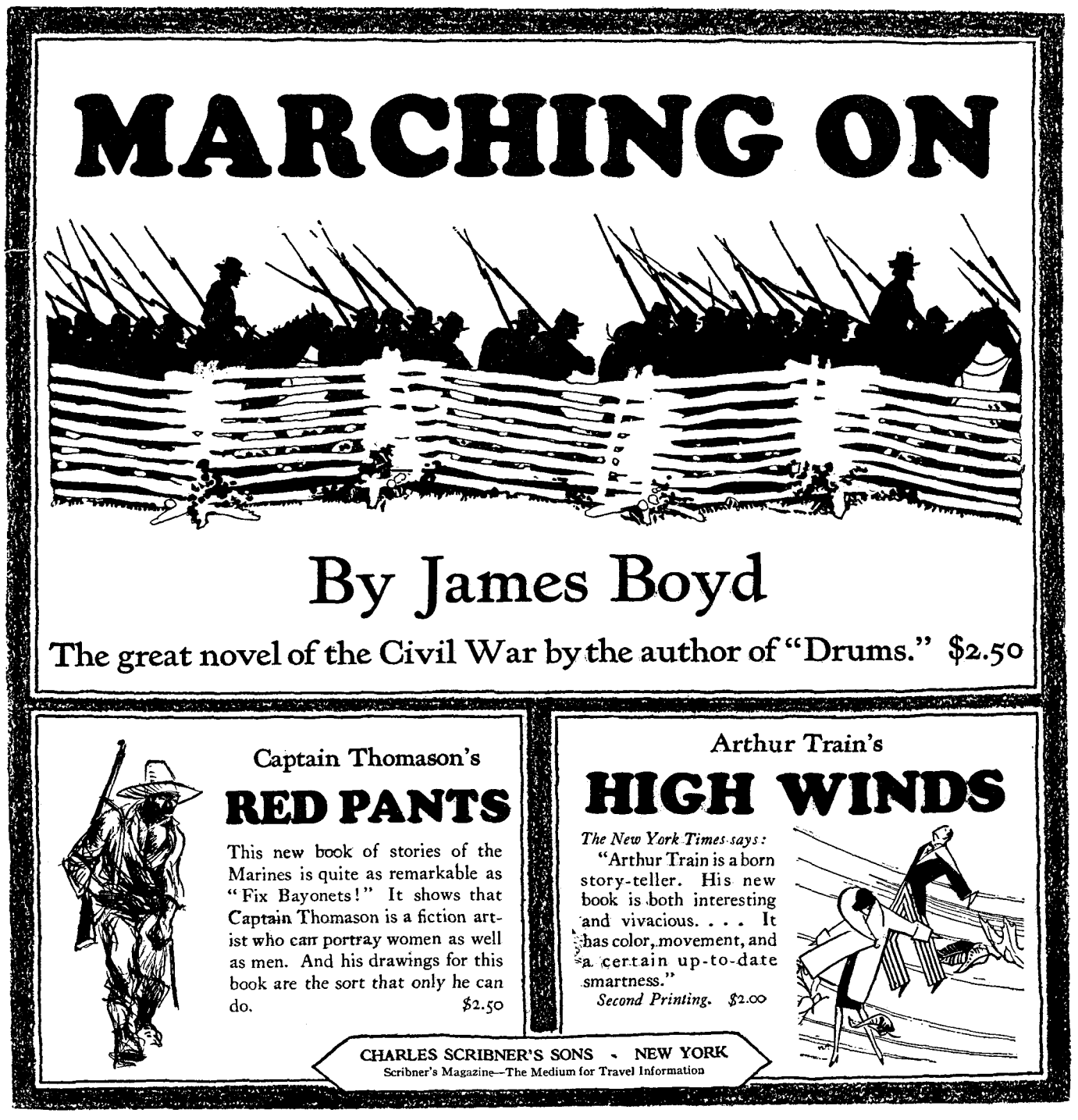
To the average foreigner, the thought of a book on physical education in China may seem like one on snakes in Iceland. One immediately recalls the story of the old Chinese scholar who remarked, when he first saw foreigners playing tennis, "Why don't they get a coolie to do that for them?" But Mr. Hoh has shown that this attitude did not always prevail in China. There were, in ancient times, such games as football, and a very definite form of golf and there was gymnastic dancing. The "Eight Daily Graceful Exercises" were first developed in 1102 A.D., thus long anticipating the "daily dozen" of Walter Camp. These exercises are given in full, in the book, with English and Chinese text and are amply illustrated. The importance of Chinese boxing is shown; its relation to Buddhism and to chivalry is touched upon; it has always remained more or less of a secret art, taught by initiates. As its value is becoming more and more realized, the discussion by Professor Hoh is timely.

In the Sung dynasty (960-1280), though the classic tradition in literature began to petrify into arid scholarship and the influence of the anti-athletic among the Chinese began to grow, there was still a great deal of athletic activity in China. But gradually the quietism of Taoism, the ceremonial of Confucianism, and the otherworldliness of Buddhism began to influence the Chinese away from all forms of physical activity. This is so definite a tradition that the hero of the greatest Chinese novel, "The Dream of the Red Chamber," is severely reproved for having run across a court-yard. "No gentleman ever exerts himself," was the motto.

With the coming of the foreigner, especially of the English and Americans, this attitude is changing. Mr. Hoh might have shown from the early records what a fight the early foreigners had with the officials to get space for exercise, but now China recognizes the value of physical training and the competitive spirit is aroused. In the South, the games are predominantly English in type; in the Central provinces, American; in the North, there is a mixture. The influence of the mission schools and of the Y. M. C. A. is the most important in this direction. Athletics in China is a direct outcome of Protestant missions.

The latter part of the book gives a good deal of statistical material on athletics, athletic records, descriptions of national meets and of the Far Eastern Olympics, where the Chinese have not yet made as good a showing as they ought. Suggestions of a special nature are offered to the Chinese for physical betterment and for the improving of the hygienic standards of the country.

The book, which contains the first serious treatment of the subject, is very earnestly written and comprises much valuable material, not merely for those interested in athletics but for the ethnologist and folklorist, as well.


MARCHING ON
By James Boyd
The great novel of the Civil War by the author of "Drums." $2.50
Captain Thomason's
RED PANTS
This new book of stories of the Marines is quite as remarkable as "Fix Bayonets!" It shows that Captain Thomason is a fiction artist who can portray women as well as men. And his drawings for this book are the sort that only he can do. $2.50
Arthur Train's
HIGH WINDS
The New York Times says:
"Arthur Train is a born story-teller. His new book is both interesting and vivacious. . . . It has color, movement, and a certain up-to-date smartness."
Second Printing. $2.00
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS - NEW YORK
Scribner's Magazine—The Medium for Travel Information

Foreign Notes

M. PIERRE CHAMPION has performed a labor of love in his book "Marcel Schwob et Son Temps" (Grasset), which will make mode widely known a French scholar who translated "Hamlet"—the version in which, in 1900, Sarah Bernhardt appeared,—who was a friend of Stevenson, of Charles Whibley, of the poet Henley who was largely responsible for making Meredith known to the French; who was an authority on the history of French argot, and on Fraincois Villon. He was poet, too, and short-story writer, but his life was too short—he died at thirty-seven—to realize his many plans for books. His correspondence with Stevenson expressed a warm sympathy between two men who never met. After Stevenson's death Schwob made a journey to Samoa, a sort of pilgrimage to his grave on the mountain, which showed the intensity of the young Frenchman's feeling. In one of Stevenson's letters to him he says, "I am six-tenths artist and four-tenths adventurer." In another, dated Samoa, July 7, 1894, three months before his death, he wrote (I give the French translation): "Nous atteignons des qualités que pour les perdre; la vie est une suite d'adieux même en art, et nos specialités même sont caduques et ephemeres." Schwob, like Stevenson, was a victim of ill-health. He had had no childhood, and was mature at fourteen. His mother was more severe than affectionate, and he unconsciously sought what he had lacked of tenderness, and found it pitifully in a young girl of dubious life, who died of tuberculosis. She inspired his "Le Livre de Monelle" (1894), in which he compressed his nihilism and his tenderness—a curious representation of himself. A short time before his early death he married a capable and agreeable actress.

* * *

THE spring number of *The Dickensian*, No. 202, Vol. XXIII, is a very interesting number of this quarterly magazine for Dickens lovers. Under the editorial management of Walter Dexter this memorial to Charles Dickens is still flourishing. Many American subscribers thought that the death of B. W. Matz, its founder, might seriously affect its future. This number will please all Dickensians. The editor's first note shows the live interest in the author of "Pickwick Papers": "May the thirteenth next is the centenary of the journey of Mr. Pickwick to Rochester by Commodore Coach and the commencement of the motive of 'The Pickwick Papers.' In celebration of which a party of Dickens lovers will leave the Golden Cross at Charing Cross on the identical date, headed by the Commodore Coach (which is expected back from America in time for the event), kindly placed at their disposal by Mr. Bertram Mills. It ought to be a great day. A Pickwick Club gathering should be held the evening before; at any rate something will undoubtedly be done to celebrate the event which coincides with the day on which Dickens started as a junior clerk with Ellis and Blackmore, solicitors, of Gray's Inn."

A BOOK made up of five short stories by Walt Whitman, collected from the files of rare periodicals by Thomas O. Mabbott, and illustrated by Allen Lewis, has just been published by the Columbia University Press. The first, "The Half Breed, a Tale of the Western Frontier," is said to be Whitman's second longest story. The others are "Shirval, a Tale of Jerusalem," "Richard Parker's Widow," "Some Fact Romances," and "My Boys and Girls." These tales, it is said, belong to Whitman's long period of apprenticeship in newspaper and magazine work which preceded the publication of "Leaves of Grass." Four of the narratives were first published in *The Aristidean*, a monthly magazine edited by Thomas Dunn English in New York in 1845, now very rare.

ZONA GALE has recommended Baker Brownell's "The New Universe" published by Van Nostrand. She says about it:

I have been for some time interested in what Mr. Brownell is doing with his chair of contemporary thought at Northwestern University—a series of weekly lectures through the year on the future of various arts and sciences—the whole series this year called "The New Universe." His book, to which he has given the same title, seems to m quite a new thing in scientific writing in America in that though it is based on careful scholarship it expresses itself not in the solemn language of scholarship, but with a rich almost American quality of insouciance. In addition the prose is balanced and rhythmic—a beautiful prose rarely found in such a book. It seems to me that this book will have to be "discovered" by those who recognize and value just these things.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ROBERT FIELD: PORTRAIT PAINTER IN OILS, MINIATURE, AND WATER-COLORS AND ENGRAVER. Illustrated. By HARRY PIERS. Frederic Fairchild Sherman. 1927. $25 net.

Since Dunlap's time Robert Field has been fairly well known as an excellent miniature painter, and his few engravings have been duly listed. It has remained for his latest biographer to clear up Field's final activity at Halifax where he painted many portraits in oils. Of Field's English origins we still know nothing beyond his registration as a student of engraving in the Royal Academy Schools, in 1790, and his production of three, possibly four, creditable mezzotints. In May, 1794, presumably being in his early thirties, he stepped off the American ship *Republican* at Baltimore and into an immediate success as a miniature painter, practicing chiefly at our Athens of the moment, Philadelphia. His miniature painting was indeed calculated to win popularity, for he combined florid elegance of the English school with a sufficient grasp of likeness and character. Of the many clever miniature painters of the day in America none but Malbone seems clearly his superior.

Ambitious plans for engraving were not supported, and this combined with the growing tension between the United States and England probably caused his move to Halifax in 1808. There he was soon on excellent terms with the provincial gentry and flourished as a portrait painter in oils. It may after all have been a narrow market, for, after eight years, Field shifted his activities to Jamaica where in 1819 he died.

Field looks a more important figure to his biographer than he will to most critics. Yet this natural overemphasis is the cause of a *catalogue raisonné* conducted with the zeal of the antiquarian, the detective energy of the genealogist, and the caution of the historian. This very richly illustrated book is a model of its sort, and the manufacture throughout shows that care and taste of which Mr. Sherman's name has come to be a guarantee.

FIFTY PRINTS. Exhibited by the *Institute of Graphic Arts*. 1926. Day.

ERIC GILL. Scribners. $2.

THE ART AND CRAFT OF DRAWING. By *Vernon Blake*. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Biography

THE GENTLEMAN FROM THE 22ND. An Autobiography by BENJAMIN ANTIN. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.50.

"Contrasts" might well have been the title of Senator Antin's life story. It presents the contrast between bleak Russia and rich America, between despotism and freedom, persecution and privilege. Nor do the contrasts cease with the arrival of the youthful immigrant at Castle Garden. There are contrasts in the new land also—contrasts between sweat shop and sanitary factory, dark tenements and decent dwellings, political professions and political practices. One of the most disconcerting of the contrasts which the future Senator encountered was exhibited by his Socialist opponents. When he ran for the New York Assembly on the Democratic ticket, he determined that he would fight fairly. He had seen Socialist speakers hooted and attacked and he was resolved that no violence should be committed by his supporters. "So ran the innocent thoughts in my feeble political structure until my turn came. . . . Every time I began to speak I was howled down by a frenzied mob of infuriated Socialists." Nevertheless he was elected and a few weeks later was on his way to the capital which as a schoolboy he had seen depicted in the nickelodeon the night it opened in Berdichev.

After a year in the Assembly, Mr. Antin was promoted, if that is the word, to the State Senate, where he became chairman of the Committee on Public Education. The latter part of his book is an account, vibrant rather than connected and graphic rather than comprehensive, of his half dozen years at Albany. His staccato style and his excessive sentimentalizing give way at crucial places to a flowing narrative which is both clever and more appropriate. Ironically he pays his respects to those unworthy citizens who in the sacred name of America were striving to introduce the spirit of Czarism into legislation, for this was the period of the Lusk laws of blessed memory. No formal treatise could give so lifelike a picture of the motives and processes of lawmaking as do these pages of this foreign-born American.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. By *A. H. Godwin*. Dutton. $2.50.

MEMORIES OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE. By *Christiana Bond*. Norman, Remington. 75 cents.

MEMOIRS OF JANE AUSTEN. By *James Edward Austen-Leigh*. Edited by R. W. Chapman. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

THE DICTIONARY OF CANADIAN BIOGRAPHY. Compiled by W. Stewart Wallace. Macmillan.

THE SHINING HOURS. By *Mary Week Atkeson*. Century. $2.50.

JEAN PAUL BARAT. By *Louis R. Gottschalk*. Greenberg. $3.

LETTERS OF THE MARQUIS OF SANTILLARA TO DON PETER, CONSTABLE OF PORTUGAL. Edited by *Antonio R. Pastor* and *Edgar Prestage*. Oxford University Press. $1.75.

LORD BYRON IN HIS LETTERS. Edited by *C. H. Collins*. Scribners. $3.50.

MY LIFE AND TIMES. By *Nimrod*. Scribners. $6.

LETTERS OF VOLTAIRE AND FREDERICK THE GREAT. Translated by *Richard Aldington*. Brentanos. $5.

THE BINGHAM FAMILY IN THE UNITED STATES. Compiled by *Theodore A. Bingham*. Easton, Pa.: Bingham Association.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By *Thomas E. Watson*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

THE LIFE OF BUDDHA. By *Edward J. Thomas*. Knopf.

THE LAST VICTORIANS. By *A. A. Baumann*. Lippincott. $5.

THE UNCONSCIOUS BEETHOVEN. By *Ernest Newman*. Knopf.

TRUMPETS OF JUBILEE. By *Constance Mayfield Rourke*. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

Drama

SAVONAROLA: A Biography in Dramatic Episodes. By WILLIAM VAN WYCK. McBride. 1926. $5.

How many centuries have passed since Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Cale Young Rice wrote their exquisite lyrical dramas which no one read, all about the Quattrocento, Cinquecento, Etceteracento? When William Van Wyck, lyrical poet of today, ventures into that charmed region, his characters do not speak in blank verse but shout:

Go long with ya!
Has all Florence went daffy?
Tha Florentines ain't goody-goodies and this can't last.
Ya dirty bastard! I'll show ya how ter take wot I wants.

From these examples it may be gathered that if Mr. Van Wyck's theme is old, his treatment of it at least is new. In fifty-three scenes of sufficiently realistic dialogue he endeavors to recreate Renaissance Florence in all her cruel beauty and to tell the story of the struggle between Savonarola and Lorenzo dé Medici presumably with dramatic effect. But the author's penchant for realism preserves the cruelty without the beauty, while his scenes are too numerous for the concentration of drama, too few for the accuracy of biography. The characterization is feeble. Lorenzo is only a straw man; Savonarola is somewhat better—there is an attempt to show the sensual basis of his fanaticism, but it is not consistently carried out. Yet there are many striking individual passages and scenes and a kind of turbulent, nightmareish quality about the whole that makes it memorable. Savonarola's Florence will never seem quite the same to one after reading Mr. Van Wyck's book. He shows it as a very fair imitation of Hell—and so he may be said to have caught the spirit of his hero, who certainly thought it just that, after all!

THE SECOND MAN. By *S. N. Behrman*. Doubleday, Page.

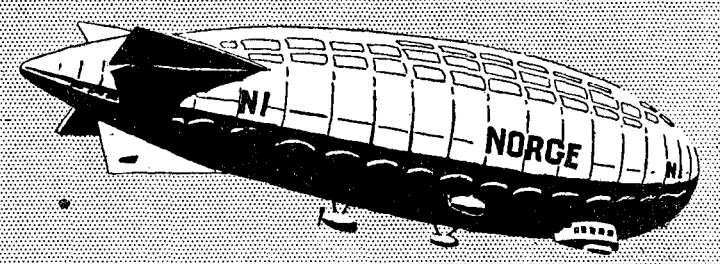
THE CONSTANT WIFE. By *W. Somerset Maugham*. Doran. $2 net.

Education

ELEMENTS OF GENERAL ZOOLOGY. By W. J. DAKIN. Oxford University Press. 1927. $4.

This text book differs from the great bulk of those written by American teachers in that function is stressed so much more than structure. Indeed, most of the anatomy without which the physiology would mean but little, is contained in the numerous diagrams. A highly desirable feature is the large number of highly suggestive practical exercises which are largely physiological and require very simple apparatus. Unfortunately these directions for laboratory work would seem to be far too brief for our American students who may be less independent in their laboratory work than British students. The arrangement of the laboratory work is so extravagant of material as to be impractical for all but very small classes. The plan of the work is probably sounder from the pedagogical point of view than the usual type of course given in this country.

(Continued on next page)



AMUNDSEN AND ELLSWORTH

tell the amazing story of their conquest of the North Pole by air, in

FIRST CROSSING OF THE POLAR SEA

By Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth

Illustrated, Octavo, Net, $5.00

DORAN BOOKS

AN AIDE-DE-CAMP OF LEE:

The Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall

Edited by
MAJOR GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

"The most important book on Lee since the appearance of General Maurice's earlier volume."— *Editorial in Richmond News Leader.*

A unique presentment, from the Southern point of view, of the greater part of the Civil War in its main theatre; a mine of source material for historians and an authoritative defense of Lee's generalship.

With 19 illustrations and 8 maps
$4.00 *at all Booksellers*

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
Publishers, Boston

MORE ONE-ACT PLAYS BY MODERN AUTHORS

Edited by HELEN LOUISE COHEN

DELIGHTFUL to read as well as to act, these 14 plays reveal a kind of charm and vitality that is not possessed by any other form of literature.

YOUR FAVORITE AUTHORS:

A. A. MILNE, EUGENE O'NEILL, ROBERT FROST, CHRISTOPHR MORLEY, JOHN ERSKINE, and 9 others.

($2.25)

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 *Madison Ave.*, NEW YORK

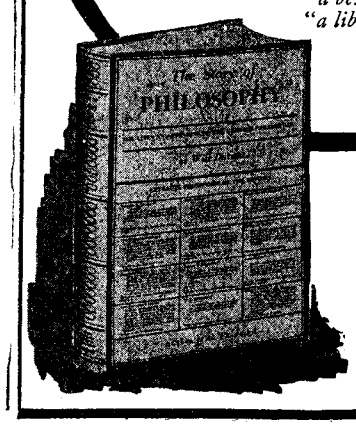
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The STORY OF PHILOSOPHY

NEVER before has a book on philosophy been read so widely and praised so enthusiastically. The measured judgment of America's foremost critics, and the deliberate opinions of America's leading figures in every field of endeavor, have paid tribute to *The Story of Philosophy* by Will Durant. It has run into 20 editions, has sold well over one hundred and forty-seven thousand copies, and has been read by a million people. This remarkable audience is due largely to the magic of Will Durant's pen. He has made the great philosophers *understandable*. He has made them *human*, like every one of us.

The Story of Philosophy is a book of distinction, not only to read once, but to read and reread. Read it yourself, this amazing book by Will Durant, and see why it has been summed up in this four-fold tribute:

"a delight for the heart" . . . .
"an adventure for the mind" . . .
"a best-seller for the years" . . .
"a liberal education in itself" . .



592 exciting pages, indexed
21 full-page illustrations
At all bookshops **$5.00**

SIMON and SCHUSTER, Inc.
Publishers
37 W. 57th St. NEW YORK

Jacob Wassermann's newest novel—

"The passion of the spirit of youth" is what Jacob Wassermann's latest novel has been called. It is the tale of an obscure but noble historical figure—a leader of youth in the middle ages. The story rises to a tremendous climax when an army of young men and girls march, singing, to rescue him from the stake.

The Triumph of Youth

by JACOB WASSERMANN
Author of WEDLOCK, THE WORLD'S ILLUSION, etc.

At all bookstores
$2.00

Boni & Liveright, N.Y.

GOOD BOOKS

"A brilliancy of dialog and competency of analysis that put Edith Wharton to shame." *Boston Transcript*

THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS

by ELLEN GLASGOW

"The most brilliant novel of two seasons."

At bookstores $2.50 *90th Thousand*

Doubleday, Page & Co.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Fiction

MARY WAS LOVE. By GUY FLETCHER. Doran. 1927. $2.

The living Mary appears only in the brief prologue which opens this weepy love story, but Mary dead, during seven melancholy years, never ceases to be mourned in her sweetheart's haunted memory. The latter is a lachrymose eccentric who carries a tame mouse about in his pocket, inhabits a shabby London boarding-house, and is described as so tender that "he would even love the flea that bit him." After an interminable period spent in coddling his own misery, the while, however, he awakens the affectionate regard of all with whom he comes in contact, David at last gives over pining and permits himself to love a girl who long has adored him. The tale admittedly over-sentimental though it is, in individual scenes and characters strikes a note which is decidedly well-turned, uncommon, and engaging.

PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMEN. By JOSEPH WHITE (GIUSEPPE BIANCO). Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.

A form of cowardice which makes a man afraid both of physical pain, and of his wife's possible unfaithfulness and which destroys his confidence in his own obvious talents is so broad in its implications as to require a very thorough background of psychology before it will be entirely convincing to a contemporary reader. This is the type of fear exhibited by Hal Morthead, a Slav, who has been adopted and reared in an English family. Their own son, Steve, is the first to realize Hal's "nervousness;" he develops a protective attitude toward the younger boy which causes him to renounce a very desirable naval career, and finally seriously to neglect his own wife and son. Such a wild infatuation, too, requires a well developed basis, and one which the author neglects giving.

These two problems Mr. White rather dodges than ignores. His means is to narrate the story through the mouth of Steve, whose very nature it is to skim the surface of things for their sentimental value. Unless absurdly artificial, this approach is by no means to be despised, and is certainly not unfamiliar to the Anglo-Saxon mind. Steve knows very definitely what interests him in his own story; he pursues that line consistently; and the result is a narrative of fine and even texture that impresses the reader with its sincerity if not its depth.

But we soon lose interest in the events themselves, and keep only Steve's reaction to them; so that where Mr. White's art should make itself apparent is in presenting an unsentimental portrait of the sentimental Steve. In this he has failed. When everything else has been sifted away, his leading character and mouthpiece remains as one of those entirely improbable people who revel in "turning the other cheek," who write poetry and refuse to show it, who search over land and sea for their beloved, like a dog seeks stubbornly and mournfully for its master.

THE PERILOUS QUEST. By T. A. NICCOLLS. Appleton. 1927. $2.

The "quest" is begun on the southwest coast of England, presumably in the 1850's, when an outlawed native son returns to the old country, after a piratical career in Pacific tropics, only to be vengefully murdered by the shipmates he has betrayed and sought to escape. But he has died without ever fully divulging to them the secret hiding-place where he has concealed a fabulous fortune in pearls which he and his villainous comrades have looted from a plague stricken, unchartered island. The location of that booty, however, he has communicated in coded letters to a former friend in England, a clergyman, closely associated with the dead wastrel's aged father and young nephew. It is the desperate conflict between the surviving rogues and the good folk to gain possession of the documents relating to the treasure which supplies the stirring action of the first part of the book. The second part shifts the scene of battle, with all concerned, to Australia and remote Pacific wilds, where the tale is brought to a violent and gory end. A story to absorb adventure loving "he-men," this book has many points of merit which raise it far above the rank and file of such productions.

BERNARD QUESNEY. By *André Maurois*. Appleton. $2.

IDLE HANDS. By *James A. Fairbank*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

BROTHER SAUL. By *Donn Byrne*. Century. $2.50.

ROGUES AND VAGABONDS. By *Compton Mackenzie*. Doran. $2 net.

THE COUNTERFEITS. By *Marjorie Strachey*. Longmans, Green. $2.

PEARL AND PLAIN. By *E. A. Griffin*. Longmans, Green. $2.

THE LAUGHINGEST LADY. By *Elinore Cowan Stone*. Appleton. $2.

THE CONQUEROR'S STONE. By *Berry Fleming*. Day. $2 net.

SPREAD CIRCLES. By *Florence Ward*. Macrae-Smith.

BRACKIE THE FOOL. By *Klabund*. Putnams. $2.

QUENTIN DURWARD. By *Walter Scott*. Edited by Mabel A. Bessey. Allyn & Bacon. $1.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. By *James Fenimore Cooper*. Edited by Ernest C. Noyes. Allyn & Bacon. $1.

THE FINANCIER. By *Theodore Dreiser*. Boni & Liveright. $3.

THE SOFA. By *Crébillon Fils*. Brentanos. $4.50 net.

STORIES OF ADVENTUURE. Edited by *Max J. Herzberg*. Allyn & Bacon. $1.

GREAT SPEECHES. Edited by *Elizabeth W. Baker*. Allyn & Bacon. 80 cents.

YOUR CUCKOO SINGS BY KIND. By *Valentine Dobée*. Knopf. $2.50.

AN INDIAN DAY. By *Edward Thompson*. Knopf. $2.50.

UNDER THE SUN. By *Dane Coolidge*. Dutton. $2.

ALISON BLAIR. By *Gertrude Crownfield*. Dutton. $2.

THE BLACK ABBOT. By *Edgar Wallace*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

MYSTERIES. By *Knut Hamsun*. Knopf. $2.50.

MATTOCK. By *James Stevens*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

THE GOOSE-FEATHER. By *E. Temple Thurston*. Doran. $2 net.

PHARISEES AND PUBLICANS. By *E. F. Benson*. Doran. $2 net.

LUKUNDRO. By *Edward Lucas White*. Doran. $2.50 net.

A FIDDLE FOR EIGHTEEN PENCE. Doran. $2 net.

THE WOWAN WHO STOLE EVERYTHING. By *Arnold Bennett*. Doran. $2.50 net.

BEVAN YORKE. By *W. B. Maxwell*. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

THE BOSS OF THE TUMBLING H. By *Frank C. Robertson*. Barse & Hopkins. $3.

THE STARTING. By *Doris Leslie*. Century. $2.

NEOSHO. By *Altha Leah Bass*. Kansas City; Burton.

ORDEAL BY GLORY. By *James Marshall*. McBride. $2 net.

THE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN. Oxford University Press. $5. 2 Vols.

INNOCENTS ALOFT. By *Henry Justin Smith*. Covici. $2.

THE CROOK'S SHADOW. By *J. Jefferson Farjion*. Dial. $2.

THE PROFESSOR ON PAWS. By *Maurice Baring*. Harpers. $2.50.

HEART IN A HURRICANE. By *Charles G. Shaw*. Brentanos. $2.

IN SUCH A NIGHT. By *Babette Deutsch*. Day. $2.

THE PROFESSORS LIKE VODKA. By *Harold Loeb*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

THE PRICE OF VICTORY. By *Maryland Allen*. Doubleday, Page. $2.

SALTACRES. By *Leslie Reid*. Dutton. $2.

THE TATTOO MYSTERY. By *William Le Queux*. Macaulay. $2.

Foreign

LE FLEAU DU SAVOIR. By *André Billy and Moïse Twersky*.. Paris: Plon.

LA FAMILLE PERLMUTTER. By *Panaït Istrati* and *Josué Jehouda*. Paris: Gallimard.

LE LIVRE DE MON AMI. By *Anatole France*. Oxford University Press. 70 cents.

HENRI IV. By *Pierre de Lanux*. Paris: Gallinard.

JOAN LA ROMEE. By *Frank Harris*. Frank Harris Publishing Co., 246 Fifth Avenue, New York.

LOUIS BERTRAND DIT ALOYSIUS BERTRAND. By *Cargill Sprietsma*. Paris: Champion.

L'ORGANIZATION DE LA REPUBLIQUE POUR PAIX. By *Henri Chardon*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

LA VOLUPTÉ ET PIECES DIVERSES. By *Louis Bertrand* (*Aloysius Bertrand*). Edited by *Cargill Sprietsma*. Paris: Champion.

KLAUS UNRUH. By *Maximilian G. Dessin*. Braunschweig: Wollermann.

FRONTIERES DE LA POESIE. By *Jacques Maritain*. Paris: Plon.

Government

WHITHER DEMOCRACY? By *N. J. Lennes*. Harpers. $3.

THE LIVING CONSTITUTION. By *Howard Lee McBain*. Workers Education Bureau, 476 West 24th Street, New York City.

THE VANISHING RIGHTS OF THE STATES. By *James M. Beck*. Doran. $1.50 net.

RECENT THEORIES OF CITIZENSHIP. By *Carl Brinkmann*. Yale University Press. $1.50.

(*Continued on next page*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

History

THE SECOND EMPIRE AND ITS DOWNFALL. By *Ernest d'Hauterior*. Doran. $6 net.

CAMPAIGNS IN PALESTINE FROM ALEXANDER THE GREAT. By *Israel Abrahams*. Oxford University Press.

MYTH AND CONSTANTINE THE GREAT. By *Vacher Burch*. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION. By *Charles A. Beard* and *Mary R. Beard*. Macmillan. 2 vols. $12.50.

AKBAR AND THE JESUITS. By *Father Pierre du Jarric*. Harpers. $5.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

International

GERMAN COLONIZATION PAST AND FUTURE: The Truth about the German Colonies. By DR. HEINRICH SCHNEE. Knopf. 1927. $3 net.

The truth about the German colonies seems, in this book, to reduce to two propositions and a corollary: first, everything derogatory to German colonial administration is false; second, in any case, the Allies have done much worse in their own overseas possessions. The corollary to the latter proposition is that the mandate-holders have made a mess of the efficient and righteous system which they took over from the Germans.

The reviewer is not impressed by the text of this book, still less by the long and dull introduction by William Harbutt Dawson. An almost intolerable boredom has been generated these last years by those who vociferate newly discovered facts about war-guilt and allied topics. Certain self-constituted arbiters have spread intellectual desolation by listing anew, almost daily, the several nations that participated in the late War, in the order of their culpability or innocence. Who cares whether Minister A indited a certain note or Premier B had that secret conference? As well plot the ambulations of a couple of flies on the window-pane of some train plunging along at eighty miles an hour, and assign accountability for a final smashup to their interference with centers of gravity.

The matter of the colonies is incidental. Every informed person knows in what respects they were managed superlatively well, because highly scientifically. So was many another German enterprise a model for the world. But the ensemble of things German was not good; we could not stand it. The rest of civilization mobilized against it and threw it off. The world's peoples do not want it back, anywhere. If that ensemble is now purged of baser elements that eventually came to pervade and dominate the whole, and the unsuspected presence of which so shocked inveterate friends of the Fatherland, most of us are prepared to concede Germany anything she wants. If she still has a hankering to reduce, patronize, and bully us, we are unready to concede anything at all.

These considerations stand out above all the petty details about who said what at what hour of what day, or about what functionary did not beat up what negro in Togo at noon on July 31, 1905. In that sense, bygones are bygones. There is no reassurance in this book concerning fundamentals. The question is as to what Germany is going to be or do, and as yet the evidence is but accumulating in a sense opposite to that, attained by sad experience, upon which we have been obliged to rest the case. Things are looking up, unless the onlooker is deceived. Stresemann and others seem to seak a dialect the rest of us can understand. When we all get our confidence restored, things will straighten out in matter of detail. But no one of sense is going to be persuaded by a catalogue of incidentals and irrelevancies, least of all by the liberal use of the *tu quoque* retort, as directed against all the Allied Nations except ourselves. There is still some sympathy harbored by some of us for France and Belgium—yes, even for England.

This book is not going to help much in getting the colonies back. We like the tone of Maximilian Harden better, even if his presentation of matters were less interesting in itself.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By *James M. Beck*. Doran. $1.25 net.

WHERE FREEDOM FALTERS. By the author of "The Pomp of Power." Scribners. $4.

STATESMANSHIP OR WAR. By *John Macaulay Palmer*. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

PROTESTANT EUROPE. By *Adolf Keller* and *George Stewart*. Doran. $3.50 net.

AMONG THE DANES. By *Edgar Wallace Knight*. University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

PROTESTANT EUROPE: Its Crisis and Outlook. By *Adolf Keller* and *George Stewart*. Doran. $3.50 net.

UNDERSTANDING AMERICA. By *Langdon Mitchell*. Doran. $3 net.

A POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF EUROPE. New York: Council on Foreign Relations. $1.

FROM VERSAILLES TO LOCARNO. By *Harold S. Quigley*. University of Minnesota Press. $2.

AMERICA COMES OF AGE. By *André Siegfried*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

THE REVOLT OF ASIA. By *Upton Close*. Putnam.

THE DEBT SETTLEMENT AND THE FUTURE. By *Walter Russell Batsell*. Paris: Lecram Press.

CHINA AND THE NATIONS. By *Wong Ching-Wai*. Translated and edited by I. Sen Teng and John Nind Smith. Stokes. $2.50.

EUROPE AND THE MODERN WORLD. By *R. B. Mowat*. Oxford Univrsity Press. $1.50.

THE PENETRATION OF MONEY ECONOMY IN JAPAN. By *Matsuyo Takizawa*. Columbia University Press. $2.25.

FRANCE AND AMERICA. By *André Tardieu*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

POLITICAL UNREST IN UPPER CANADA. By *Aileen Dunham*. Longmans, Green. $3.50.

HOW RED IS AMERICA. By *Will Irwin*. Sears. $1.50.

TURKEY. By *Arnold J. Toynbee* and *Kenneth P. Kirkwood*. Scribners. $3.

FOREIGN POLICIES OF THE UNITED STATES. By *James Quagle Dealey*. Ginn. $2.80.

Juvenile

THE ADVENTURES OF A TRAFALGAR LAD. By JOHN LESTERMAN. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $2.

This isn't quite the new "Treasure Island" that the publisher's "blurb" leads one to believe, but it is an excellent story for boys,—rollicking and vigorous, with a spirit and flavor not often found in modern juveniles. In his own words the youthful hero tells of his adventures after the battle of Trafalgar when the English ship is captured by a famous pirate crew. After an altogether too intimate acquaintance with pirate life, the boy escapes to one of the Dutch West Indies where further adventures follow hot upon each other and where vengeance on the pirates is finally accomplished. The book is crammed with action; fights and plots abound. There is much of the spirit of the times here, while the simple language and telling of the tale in the first person does much to make the writing vivid and alive. We liked the many black and white illustrations of ships and pirates and sea-fights, some of which suggested those in that most excellent book of "Pirates" by the late Lovat Fraser.

ONE BOY TOO MANY. By LEBBUS MITCHELL. Century. 1926. $1.75.

This is a rather old-fashioned story of a small boy who feels he is not wanted at home and so seeks and finds one of those surprising fortunes in farming in the country which seems to be so easily accomplished between the covers of a book. The story is sentimental in the extreme; the youthful hero is a most namby-pamby child whom the author is always at pains to make wistful and appealing in anything but a spirited, childlike way; and the whole tone of it is that of a masculine Pollyanna without as much vitality as that popular story possessed. Children may like it, there is no telling what they won't read, but it certainly falls into the class of a somewhat feeble addition to the "Five Little Peppers" type of juvenile.

DUTCH DAYS. By MAY EMERY HALL. Dodd, Mead. $2.

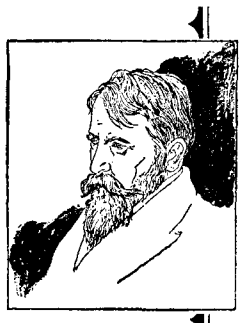
This book is intended to stimulate interest in Holland and is written in the form of a rambling account of two children traveling there with very information-loving parents. Personally we would never have tolerated it for a moment when we were the age to have such instructive books thrust upon us. But for schools studying about the country, it may be that it fills a need. It has many excellent photographic reproductions and the chapters are well varied in their arrangement of historical data; of pictures, museums, and famous cities, and of the Dutch people themselves. But we believe children would get more of a sense of the country and people from such a story as Mrs. Mapes "Hans Brinker" than from all these later-day survivals of the "Rollo in Paris" type of book.

(*Continued on next page*)

"RHAPSODY"

A Dream Novel—by

SCHNITZLER



AFTER a ball a Viennese physician lives over again the whole circle of the loves he might have had. Women lure him with the intoxication of adventure, so that he almost forfeits his wife because of an infidelity she herself had dreamed. This novel, deft, enchanting and fantastic, will give you sharp and rare delight in its reading.

The whole novelette is . . . a poem of exquisite richness and loveliness; it has almost the saturated and heavy sensuous beauty of a modern *Eve of Saint Agnes* in prose. And it is not only a poem. It is also a profound analysis of two personalities, and of an intricate and subtle psychological situation. It is life itself, told in the iridescent language of a dream. — *Conrad Aiken, N. Y. Evening Post Literary Review*.

The prose is a beautiful work which slowly submerges the reader in the atmosphere the author is creating.— *Yale News*.

Here is a short novel of power; macabre, fantastic and, above all, not to be laid aside, even for a moment, until it is finished.—*Herschel Brickell*.

This is one of the best of those small compact tomes Dr. Schnitzler has been writing during the past few years. It is excellently translated from the German by Otto P. Schinnerer. — *N. Y. Times Book Review*.

It is easy to write that this is an unusually fine novel; that the prose is luminous and the translation excellent. The story is thoroughly absorbing, and leaves one silent before the art of the writer. . . . — *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

The charm which permeates all of Schnitzler's tales is distinctly peculiar to this disillusioned Viennese doctor with a romantic strain. It is a delightful Hungarian rhapsody of the subconscious mind. — *Lawrence Morris, N. Y. Sun*.

At all booksellers, $1.50

SIMON *and* SCHUSTER, Inc.

Publishers 37 West 57th St., *New York City*

The Epic that is America

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

By CHARLES A. BEARD & MARY R. BEARD

All of AMERICA—from Columbus to Coolidge—passes in review in this fresh and original study of the growth of our national culture. More than an outline, it includes within its scope industry, commerce, politics, imperialism, literature, art, music, religion, education, natural science, the press, the humanities and woman's place in America's history. If you would know your country, read this appraisal of the American nation for the general reader.

Decorations by Wilfred Jones — 2 *vols.* — 1651 *pages* — $12.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY · NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Golden Complex

A Defence of Inferiority

By Lee Wilson Dodd

"Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." If you have an inferiority complex, keep it, if not, acquire it. The science and wit of Mr. Dodd show why and how in this amiable essay glorifying the despised complex. $1.75

The Myth of the Individual

By Charles W. Wood

CARL SANDBURG *says*:
"This is not just a good book but it is a great book, a grand love letter to the human race with the strength of steel, platinum, silk and canvas. This book is a swift resumé of all the high spots in the story of Man across the last decade." $2.50

The Sorcerer's Apprentice

By Hanns Heinz Ewers

"To confront a book by Hanns Heinz Ewers, illustrated by Mahlon Blaine, is a thrilling experience. The power of the narrative, the horror of its climax, would be sufficient merit for any book. But this has another more clamant value. It sets forth the eternal duel between brain and spirit, between reason and faith."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $5.00

In Such a Night

By Babette Deutsch

Elmer Davis says—"A fine piece of work, admirably done. Leaves an impression of integrated beauty." $2.00

Shadows Waiting

By Eleanor Carroll Chilton

"One of the finest, ablest, most distinguished and most beautifully written books that America has produced in a good many years."—*The New Republic.* $2.50

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY
25 West 45th Street New York

The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE BOY SHOWMAN AND ENTERTAINER. By A. ROSE. Dutton. 1927. $2.

School and camp and home libraries will undoubtedly welcome this very simply written, carefully planned volume wherein are to be found the secrets of ventriloquism and drawing room magic, not to mention full directions for circuses, peep-shows, artificial fireworks, marionette and Punch and Judy shows. There is a complete text of Punch and Judy dialogue and numerous diagrams and directions for the aid of youthful managers. Barn theatricals should be greatly helped by such material.

THE GREAT GOOD MAN. By WILLIAM E. BARTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.50

This is a biography of Abraham Lincoln told for boys and girls in the regulation school-book manner. The facts are well arranged and the writing simple, but when one compares it with the Carl Sandburg "Lincoln" one cannot help feeling that children should come to that first. If they need historical data,—facts and dates, let them turn to this book for quick reference, but for understanding, imaginative writing and a sense of Lincoln the man and statesman they must turn elsewhere. It is a pity the book has not been given more dignified illustrations and a better format.

MARTIN'S ADVENTURE. By CYNTHIA ASQUITH. Scribners. 1927. $1.75.

This book just escapes belonging to that delightful group of stories about children for grown-ups such as Kenneth Graham's "Golden Age" and "Dream Days;" Barrie's "Little White Bird," and the delightful "Paul and Fiametta" stories of the English nursery. "Martin's Adventure" falls short of this standard because of its lack of insight and charm and because there is not enough beauty and sense of atmosphere in the recounting of adventures in a little boy's world during one year of his life. On the other hand we do not believe the story will appeal to youngsters themselves. There is too much of the self-conscious about the tale. Children are quick to sense the author sitting back and planning to write a book for children, rather than becoming absorbed in spinning them a good, exciting yarn of the doings of a certain small boy. While there is much to be said for the simple, clear writing, and the pleasant picture of English country life which the book contains, we cannot feel it is much of a contribution to juvenile fiction.

Medicine

CLINICS, HOSPITALS, AND HEALTH CENTERS. By MICHAEL M. DAVIS. Harper's. 1927.

This is a book which should exert a strong influence for progress in institutional medicine, particularly in the relationship of the clinic to the hospital and to the community. It gives the results of six years of study and practical demonstration in clinic work by the Committee on Dispensary Development of the United Hospital Fund of New York and its staff, generously financed by the Rockefeller Foundation.

The growth of institutional medicine presents a startling picture. In the past fifty years the number of hospitals in this country has increased from 140 to 6,672, the number of clinics from 150 to 5,000. Some twelve per cent of all of the acutely ill are now being cared for in hospital beds, and some 8,000,000 individuals are being treated in clinics. In New York City alone in 1924 there were over 6,000,000 visits made to the various clinics, or about one for each person in the community.

The evolution in the character of institutional care of the sick is as striking as its growth. In the past fifteen years the hospital and its clinic has advanced from a relief station for the destitute to a service center for the community, from "medical dole" to "medical practice." The public has been slow to comprehend the change in the economic status of the hospital,—its transformation from a charity supported by the bounty of the benevolent to a public utility which in many cases comes near to paying its own way. Even the trustee (who sits on its board) and controls its policies is apt to regard his hospital as his pet philanthropy, rather than as a business proposition. In fact it cannot be disguised that progress in hospital matters has been largely in spite of the lay trustee and not because of him.

Miscellaneous

THE STRATEGY AND TACTICS OF AIR FIGHTING. By MAJOR OLIVER STEWART. Longmans, Green & Co. 1926. $2.25.

Information of the highly specialized character of aerial combat as it was developed in practice during the war and as it has been analyzed and interpreted since will come as considerable shock to the average reader. The superiority over their average foes of such men as Rickenbacker, Bishop, Fonck, and Richthofen was clear to every reader of newspapers during the war, but that superiority was popularly assumed to lie in personal courage and in skillful flying technique. There has hertofore been no really full record of the very elaborate theories of strategy and tactics on which the operations of the aces depended, although they offer almost a counterpart of those developed in naval warfare until now.

Major Stewart has provided a manual of the art of aerial combat which leaves the reader gasping with wonder that so detailed a technique of the operation of individual machines could have been developed in an intensive experience totaling hardly three years, for air fighting amounted to little before the end of 1915 and the minor wars which have scarred the map of Europe and Asia since November 11, 1918 have offered practically no scope for pursuit aviation.

No one lacking direct association with aeronautics will be interested in following the details of the use of clouds for concealment or the careful analysis of the relative value of the various defense maneuvers possible after a surprise attack from the rear. Any reader, however, whether technically qualified or not, would be able to admire the almost superhuman coolness, courage, and skill displayed by the men whose exploits made such a book possible as they maneuvered their flying projectiles delicately into positions of advantage and picked their moment for attack while traveling at speeds often approaching five miles a minute in a dive. Stewart, himself a pilot during the war and a wearer of the Military Cross, gives liberal evidence, by direct quotation and otherwise, of the qualities of his comrades in that branch of aerial activity. "'I do not believe in being shot about,' says McCudden, 'it is bad or careless flying to allow oneself to be shot about when one ought usually to be able to prevent it by properly timed maneuvers'."

It will come as a rather startling change to ears that have been filled with proclamation of impending woe because of the complete defenselessness of the United States in the air and the general uselessness of our aerial equipment, to hear Major Stewart say "At present the Americans are planning great strides in air development, and it seems certain that they will gain a certain air superiority unless Britain awakes and discovers the truth. Not that the Americans are to be suspected of evil designs, but air power, which is synonymous with world power, is a thing that should be handled only by those who are accustomed to handling loaded firearms.

EVENTS AND EMBROIDERIES. By *E. V. Lucas.* Doran. $5 net.

DOES PROHIBITION WORK? By *Martha Bensley Bruére.* Harpers.

PROHIBITION AND CHRISTIANITY. By *John Erskine.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

YOUR NERVOUS CHILD. By *Erwin Wexberg.* A. & C. Boni. $1.75.

CLOTHES AND THE CLOTH TRADE. By *J. A. Hunter.* Pitman. $1.

WHERE AND HOW TO SELL MANUSCRIPTS. By *William R. McCourtie.* Springfield, Mass.: Home Correspondence School. $3.50.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME. By *J. W. Dunne.* Macmillan. $2.50.

THE LITTLE TOWN. By *Harlan Paul Douglass.* Macmillan.

HOW TO INFLUUENCE MEN. By *Edgar J. Swift.* Scribners. $3.

THE BEGINNER'S GARDEN. By *Mrs. Francis King.* Scribners. $2.

THE GLADIOLUS BOOK. By *Forman T. McClean, William Edwin Clark,* and *Eugene N. Fischer.* Doubleday, Page. $5 net.

TRUE IRISH GHOST STORIES. Compiled by *St. John D. Seymour* and *H. L. Neligan.* Oxford University Press. $2.50 net.

WHAT'S YOUR AVERAGE? By *A. H. M., M. L. H.,* and *J. M., Jr.* Dutton. $1.50.

TREES AND SHRUBS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION. By *Burton O. Longyear.* Putnams. $3.50.

WHAT IS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE? By *Thomas W. Willy.* Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

THE PUBLIC MIND. By *Norman Angell.* Dutton. $3.

THE SCIENCE OF FAIRY TALES. By *Edwin Sidney Hartland.* Stokes. $2.25.

RUNAWAY DAYS. By *Samuel Scoville, Jr.*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Books on Japan

THE PENETRATION OF MONEY ECONOMY IN JAPAN

By Matsuyo Takizawa

A brilliant presentation of the origins of modern economic Japan. The effects upon social and political institutions of the change from an agricultural to a money economy are clearly shown. $2.25.

PRESENT DAY JAPAN

By Yusuke Tsurumi

Short lectures on the economic and social transition in Japan; on politics, literature and international relations, including those resulting from the American Immigration Law. $1.75

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Columbia University **New York**

Boys will be men. In

KIT O'BRIEN

Edgar Lee Masters

has touched upon the most wonderful thing in boyhood, the desire to win manhood, not by years but by achievement.

In telling how Kit O'Brien undertook the responsibilities and dangers of a man, Edgar Lee Masters has given us an unusual book, whose strange adventures, with Lincoln's country for a background, will thrill every reader who has the good luck to get hold of a copy.

With decorations in the text. $2.50

At all bookstores

Boni & Liveright, N. Y.

GOOD BOOKS

CLIFF DWELLINGS AND OTHER POEMS By

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

"Dresbach is entitled to be called a great poet of the West." *The Lariat.*

"Dresbach is the foremost poetic interpreter of the Southwest, and one in the front rank of the younger American poets." *The Midland.*

"Dresbach's poetry is a thorough-going drive of the spirit on matters of profound human interest." *The Cardinal.*

"Dresbach has been laureled as the interpreter of the Southwest spaces. His work is finely sustained." *Dallas News.*

"Singing beauty added to color of words and strength of thought. There is delightful satisfaction in Dresbach's poetry." *Overland.*

"Well-disciplined, substantial, vivid and restrained." *Poetry (Chicago)*

"Glenn Ward Dresbach improves remarkably with each volume. He is the poet of the West." *Publishers' Weekly.*

Price, $1.50

HAROLD VINAL,
Publisher,
562 Fifth Avenue **New York**

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

BARNUM'S OWN STORY. Combined and condensed by *Waldo R. Browne* (Viking Press).

LUKUNDOO, AND OTHER STORIES. By *Edward Lucas White* (Doran).

ASTROLABE (Poems). By *S. Foster Damon* (Harpers).

E. H. C., Long Island, and R. T. W., New Jersey, ask what novels of fairly recent appearance in French, Russian and German have been translated into English.

THE feminine counterpart of "Jean Christophe," Romain Rolland's "L'Ame Enchantée," continues to arrive in English almost as soon as in French: "Annette and Sylvie" and "Summer" have just been followed by "Mother and Son," which brings the action into the Great War and holds some of the most poignant and characteristic episodes of this remarkable work. My admiration for "The Soul Enchanted" is no mere holdover from "Jean Christophe," which still seems to me noble but lumpy: the swift and steady flow of this novel carries all its lives from volume to volume so that one greets with a new one the reappearance of friends. Another of these continued stories, "The Thibaults," by Roger Martin Du Gard (Boni and Liveright), is coming out here almost as rapidly as in the original. How it gets its hold upon a reader is hard to explain, for it is a book without tricks; it may be in the way this well-to-do middleclass family and its social connections are permitted to reach him without interference by the author. Admirers of "Maria Chapdelaine" who so often ask me for a novel to follow Hémon's in a young person's reading course, should try "Aimée Villard," by Charles Silvestre (Macmillan). This author, "écrivain académique, bien pensant, bien peigné" has just won the coveted Femina Prize, but Mme. Lucie Delarue-Mardrus,—believing that it would have gone to Lucienne Favre's "Bab-el-Oued" if, with a tie in the voting imminent, someone had not telephoned an absent member not to come out because the voting was all over—resigned from the committee of award, registering displeasure. This however, is January news: Mme. Mardrus is back again long ago.

A long review of Pierre de la Maziére's "I'll Have a Fine Funeral" (Brentano) appeared in this journal on February 19; "Jacob's Well," by Pierre Benoit (International), involves race-psychology but with his usual melodramatic treatment. "Ulysses and the Sorcerers," by Marius-Ary LeBlond (Stokes), is a vivid story of blacks in a French island-colony. It is interesting to compare this—and an earlier novel by the Tharaud "The Long Walk of Samba Djouf" (Duffield) with Julia Peterkin's novel of primitive negro-life in America, "Black April," and Haldane MacFall's sketches in an English colony, "The Wooing of Jezebel Pettyfer." While Mrs. Peterkin's magnificent novel gets away from all of them as literature, the four books illuminate one another in ethnological matters.

In "Bernard Quesnay" (Appleton) André Maurois casts off the Water-wings of biography and swims for himself into straight fiction—unless an intimate personal acquaintance with the manufacturing and marketing of woolen goods may be called a life-preserver in a novel whose ups and downs are those of this staple product. This will guarantee it as interesting to anyone who knows the passion and stress of cloth-making since the War. Bernard, who begins the story as an artistic loose thread of the Quesnay business, is firmly woven back into the fabric before the last page. I have a special reason for liking this book: it contains the only reference in fiction to a comfortable commonplace district of Paris known as Montsouris; and my own latest port of call in the city was a hotel in this section, where Americans are largely matters of hearsay and prices therefore remain indigenous.

I do not know if Paul Morand's American public reads him for his literary qualities or for his delicate improprieties, or even for those indelicate, but in the volume of his short stories lately translated, "Europe at Love" (Boni and Liveright), all of these are represented. But "L'Europe Galante" is not free from fillers. If anyone does prefer M. Morand as literature not only pure and simple but simple pure, his "Rien que le Terre" is a travel-book that takes a temperament around the world.

One of these inquirers asked also for books of criticism: Paul Valéry's "Variety" (Harcourt) is the most important to come from France for a good while; the vogue of Valéry is one of the present features of French literary life, and this collection of philosophical studies gives the thoughtful reader in this country an opportunity to learn from what elements it arises. The book not for the facile; Valéry belongs with the authors of whom he says, "They do not fear the reader; they measure neither his labor nor their own. A few years more and they will no longer be understood." The pert and stimulating "Call to Order," by Jean Cocteau (Holt), should not be missed by anyone who tries to keep up with the advance guard in theatrical, musical or ballet matters, especially in the efforts to transfuse the first of these with new blood from cabaret and circus.

There is little in recent translation from the Russian: a new and important novel by Gorki, "Decadence" (McBride), the rise and fall of a peasant family, and one by a new author introduced by Gorki, Sergeev Tzensky's "Transfiguration" (McBride) a story of modern peasant life. From the German we have the massive novel "Power," by Lion Feuchtwanger (Viking), which is repeating here its effect upon readers in Europe; and another *tour de force* from Arthur Schnitzler, "Rhapsody" (Viking), which makes other dream-literature seem in comparison at once too solid and too pale. Two long novels are coming over the horizon, each in two volumes, "The Mad Professor," Hermann Sudermann's first novel to appear in English for several years, and Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain" (Knopf). A comparatively short and immensely spirited story by Klabund, "Brackie the Fool" comes from Putnam; violent as "Peter the Czar" with more room for its swings. I have already spoken here of "The Spanish Journey," by Julius Meier-Graefe (Harcourt), a travel-book by an art-critic, and altogether an entertainment not to be missed by the wise.

H. F. B., Kansas City, Mo., asks me about the disposition of manuscripts.

THIS is one of the subjects at which this department balks. I can't even read them, much less advise in placing them. So it is fortunate that in the same mail with this arrived a copy of the new edition of "Where and How to Sell Manuscripts," by William B. McCourtie (Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass.), which seems, as far as I can see, to cover everything in the English language, whether in this country, Canada or Great Britain. It is arranged for instant reference and the information is detailed.

E. R. H., Harrisonburg, Va., asks for books on native shrubs of America, especially those of her own section.

A HANDBOOK for field use that has been widely praised for several years is Harriet Keeler's "Our Northern Shrubs and How to Identify Them" (Scribner); another constantly in use since 1915 is F. S. Mathews's "Field Book of American Trees and Shrubs" (Putnam). Another volume in the series with Mr. Mathews's book is "Wild Flowers and Ferns," by Herbert Durant (Putnam), with directions for raising in one's home garden not only the shy plants of the forest but any tree, shrub or flower native to this country. This is the book loved by country-lovers under its old title of "Taming the Wildings." A new volume in this series is "Trees and Shrubs of the Rocky Mountain Region," by Burton O. Longyear (Putnam), out of this reader's geographical range, but set down to keep the record. "Trees, Shrubs and Vines of the Northern United States" (Scribner) is an earlier work that includes specimens imported for Central Park. "Flowering Trees and Shrubs," by A. J. MacSelf (Scribner), is a recent publication by an English gardener, but one that may be used in planting and growing in this section. "The Cultivation of Shrubs," by Katherine M-P. Cloud (Little, Brown), is the latest manual for garden use; it will fascinate and reward a houseowner with ground space small or large at his disposal. The works of Charles Sprague Sargent are published in beautiful and expensive editions by Houghton Mifflin: "The Silva of North America" in fourteen volumes with 740 plates: "Manual of the Trees of North America," and "Trees and Shrubs," prepared chiefly from material in the Arnold Arboretum at Harvard.

A. L. H., University of Virginia, desires me ot tell G. T. M., New Haven little book that will give him a pic social life in Virginia, "The Albem Other Days," by Mary Rawlings, pu by the Michie Company, Charlot Va., $1.25. It is a true sketch, ver able but not romanticized, of wha on in this particular part of Virgini earlier days, bringing the story down to the middle of the nineteenth century. *C. D. B., Tarna, Iowa,* says that another stenographer married her boss in David Graham Phillips's novel "The Grain of Dust,"

(*Continued on next page*)

MICHAEL ARLEN

YOUNG MEN IN LOVE

A novel ~ Romantic ~ Witty ~ Wise ~ By the author of THE GREEN HAT ~

$2.50

DORAN BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

appearing serially in the *Saturday Evening Post* early in 1912 and, so far as she knows, not in book-form. "It is a thrilling and romantic story," says she: "at least I thought so then!" *W. N. S., Freeport, Tex.*, asks why the publishers have overlooked Harry Stillwell Edwards, whose short stories published years ago in the Century he treasures in bound volumes of the magazine, but would like to see in book-form. The Century Co. publishes two volumes of them, "His Defense and other stories," and "Two Runaways and Other Stories," both illustrated as they were in the magazine, by E. W. Kemble, and both in print. *M. E. E., Berea, O.*, asks for information concerning the life and works of William Wymark Jacobs. Reduced to the more familiar initials of W. W., the delighted reader recognizes the author of "Sea Whispers," "Captains All," and a shelfful of joy, collections of stories ranking high in the recent "light and pleasant" competition. For his life, I think "Who's Who" is the only official source of information: for his works, I am happy to say that in "Figures in Modern Literature" (Dodd, Mead), the discerning critic J. B. Priestley points out in what may seem to the unliterary the happy accidents of his success, the delicate checks and balances of an art as finely adjusted as Jane Austen's. Arnold Bennett also considers him in "Books and Persons" (Doran).

K. H. T. Lenham, Md., has been getting the books especially recommended to the Massachusetts man, but when she sent for "Jonah" she thought there must have been some mistake: she received "Jonah and Co.," by Dornford Yates (Minton, Balch). Is this the one?

"JONAH," by Robert Nathan (McBride), is in print and easy to get. In England it was called "The Son of Amittai." I haven't read the other book, but it would have to be pretty good to match Mr. Nathan's little work of art.

On the Air

THE following ten articles, selected by a committee of librarians as outstanding contributions to the periodicals of the month, were recently broadcast under the auspices of *The Saturday Review of Literature* by Station WOR.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE. A. Lawrence Lowell, in *Foreign Affairs*.

The President of the Harvard University analyses the momentous decision at the recent Imperial Conference when the British Dominions gave notice that they had come of age and were henceforward to be accorded full rights of citizenship among the nations of the world.

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON SCANDALS. John C. Fitzpatrick, in *Scribner's*.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, of the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress, brings authentic historical evidence to bear upon the stories of Washington's alleged immorality. He finds two of them British forgeries and another based on a misreading of handwriting.

ARE TABLOID NEWSPAPERS A MENACE?—A DEBATE. In *The Forum*.

Mr. Villard contends that certain tabloid newspapers degrade American journalism and pander to vulgarity. According to Mr. Weyrauch, opposition to the tabloids is due to fear on the part of the older newspapers of too aggressive competition.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. Dewey M. Owen, in *The American Mercury*.

When Melville E. Stone directed the Associated Press, it was a dull but competent news agency. Under the present régime it has injected so much pep into its news dispatches that they have become ridiculous. The author discusses the change comprehensively.

U. S. OF E. AS A COMPETITOR. Julius Klein, in *System*.

Is Europe, with the international trusts, working towards an economic "United States" that will cut off our trade? How are the "tariff walls" of postwar Europe affecting our Commerce? An authoritative answer by the director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.

STAGE CENSORSHIP: A COUNTER PROPOSAL. Winthrop Ames, in *Review of Reviews*.

One of the country's leading producers states the case against censorship, and then proceeds to outline an alternative scheme permitting the theatre to clean its own house. He is chairman of a committee of three producers, three actors, and three authors.

LINCOLN OR LEE. William E. Dodd, in *Century*.

In this second instalment of a three part biography of Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Dodd depicts the duel which Lincoln, with wavering support, waged against the able Lee who would not yield to peace without victory.

GETTING AHEAD OF THE JONESES. R. LeClere Phillips, in *Harper's magazine*.

Miss Phillips finds a new cause for our increasing divorces. Ambition, she says, is a religion with the American man. He wants to get ahead. And as a result he becomes a failure as a husband and as a human being.

FEMININE TRAITS IN WILD THINGS. Archibald Rutledge, in *The Virginia Quarterly*.

Writing with the authority of one who understands Nature in all its form, the author draws a striking picture of wild life. He maintains that in feminine characters in the deepest wildwoods are discoverable traits that have in them the quality of divinity.

THE MIRACLE OF LIFE. Herbert Ravenel Sass, in *Good Housekeeping*.

A beautiful chapter of Nature's Own Textbook by one who loves every page of it. Mr. Sass shows the wild creatures of the woods as wonderful miracles and here makes a powerful plea that man shall not destroy these miracles.

Erratum

THE SATURDAY REVIEW desires to express regret for a mistake occuring in the listing of "The Spring Books" in our issue of April 23d. In this listing the publishers of "Marionette," by Edwin Muir, were referred to as Boni & Liveright. The actual publishers of this novel are The Viking Press, to whom we hasten to make our apologies.

Points of View

Forerunners

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Mr. Van Doren, in his pointed review of "Elmer Gantry," mentions at the beginning that "members of the clergy in the United States are in for a bad half-year," and proceeds to indicate just where the thunderbolts are due to fall heaviest. Now, lightning may not strike the same spot twice; but if history, on the other hand, may be said ever to reepat itself, it would seem to have performed that phenomenon in Mr. Lewis's latest novel. For, after a fashion surprisingly true to form, "Elmer Gantry" was out-"gantried" a god century and a half ago.

Every student of English words knows the curious history of the term "enthusiasm:" how the Wesleys adopted it to label their own kind of religious *inspiration*—full of the god, having a god within—enthusiastic; how it was directly seized upon by their opponents, especially at court and in the theatres, as a term of abuse—Enthusiasts! . . ; how eventually by lax and unspecific application it lost its original reference to the Methodists, until the era of humanitarianism and reform introduced causes in behalf of which it was popular to be zealous. So far has the word travelled from its eighteenth century use that today we should rather regret the waste of it upon Mr. Lewis's present hero. But it is probably a matter of less common knowledge that in 1760 and 1761 two plays were written with the same avowed purpose and with the same popular result as "Elmer Gantry" has had: to expose fanatical religionists, to lay the ghost of that brand of "enthusiasm."

The first play was entitled "The Minor." It put in its appearance, most inauspiciously, during the summer season of the year 1760, when all the other theatres of London were shut down and when society had moved to fresher playgrounds taking the best actors with it, in the Little Theatre (as it was then called) in the Hay-Market. All the chances were against success. Only a young and unpracticed company of actors could be mustered. The author, Samuel Foote, though an Oxford graduate, was all but unknown, and what reputation he might have earned at the Temple he had dissipated through his predilection for mimicking the very persons his professional name in the law depended on. As for the play itself, a contemporary account tells us that "it consisted in nothing more than the introduction of several well-known characters in real life, whose manner of conversation and expression this author had happily hit in the diction of his drama." Yet the miracle happened; and, as a critic writing a score of years later says: "The play brought full houses for thirty-eight nights in that time of the year and continues still one of the stock pieces of the winter also."

Nor did the secret of Foote's extraordinary *coup* lie in his lack of competitors; it lay rather in the play's theme, which the author lost no time in presenting. In an "Introduction," preceding the play, he says, speaking of the Methodists: "I must beg leave to assert, that ridicule is the only antidote against their pernicious poison. This is a madness that argument can never cure. Where then can we have recourse, but to the comic muse?" (And, indeed, after "Elmer Gantry," are we not somewhat inclined to agree?) As for the action itself, the dramatic historian Genest tells us that Foote "took off to a great degree of exactness the manner and even the person of that most noted enthusiastic preacher, Mr. George Whitfield. And, indeed, so happy was the success of this piece in one respect, that it seemed more effectually to open our eyes (those of the populace especially) in regard to the absurdities of that pernicious set of politic enthusiasts, than all the more serious writings that had ever been published against them." (Of this matter see the editorial, *Vicious Ignorance*, in the same number with Mr. Van Doren's review.)

Needless to say, the Methodists were grievously offended by Foote. (Their bad half-year began.) "Some man," says a chronicler of the drama, "who called himself a clergyman, published remarks, critical and christian (*sic*), on 'The Minor,' to whom Foote wrote an excellent letter in reply." (It would be strange if Mr. Lewis did not have a few answers to endite.) The chief result, however, was a sequel that was written the following year, not by Foote, but by one Israel Pottinger, who so contrived the title page of his play to appear to the unwary purchaser the work of the same author. And the play was called "The Methodist."

Now, Foote had been accused of being cruel and ungenerous. Nevertheless, as contemporary critics affirm, he "very properly distinguished who are the proper objects of ridicule, and the legal victims of the lash of satire; that is to say, those who appear what they are not, or would be what they cannot. When hypocrisy and dissimulation would lay snares for the fortunes, or contaminate the principles of mankind, it is surely but justice to the world to withdraw the mask, and show the natural faces with the distortions and shocking deformities they are really possessed of." (A soft answer, compared with Mr. Van Doren's!) The successor, however, was less circumspect. Not only did his title give away his attack, but he seems in every bit of invective to have gone Foote one better, though all critics agree that his play in the end turned out worse. (In this regard compare "Elmer Gantry" with the previous novels written on the same subject that were recently listed in The Reader's Guide.) Perhaps this was because "The Methodist" was Pottinger's first play; perhaps because, as his biographer tells us, when his bookshop and circulating library failed he had to derive his principal support from his pen, in which "he met with occasional interruptions from a disorder in his mind." At all events, the play (which was never produced) was presently criticized as "a most impudent catch-penny job." And its author, attempting to copy the "very just and ingenious attack on enthusiasm itself (i.e., Foote's), which exposed the sanction that the promoters of vice and venders of lewdness lay claim to under the mask of religion," went so far as to continue the characters and plot of "The Minor," "making Dr. Squintum and Mrs. Cole, that is to say, an old bawd and a Methodist preacher, coadjutors and joint instruments in carrying on the purposes of debauchery, and bringing to perfection all the infamous transactions of a common brothel." (This explains why I say "out-gantried." For granting the obvious differences between the eighteenth century and ours, this sounds surprisingly like the operations of the Hell-Cat of Terwillinger College when he meets up with Sharon Falconer. And a comparison of the language is still more revealing.)

The greatest difference, in fact, between the old "Elmer Gantry" and the modern is in the way each affected its critics. For the "reviewers" of "The Methodist" left no doubt of their unqualified disapproval of the piece, calling special attention to the "charge, which if just, would not only cast an *opprobrium* on a whole sect of teachers, which it is to be hoped not one among them could possibly deserve, but also be a severe reflection on the legislature itself, for not having entered into a stricter inquisition on a nest of vipers, which, lying closely concealed under the shadow of religion, are empoisoning and destroying the very fountain of piety and virtue." Every phrase of this might be quoted against Mr. Lewis's novel with utter relevance; but our critics, and I believe Mr. Van Doren among them, are less concerned with the total significance of the book. They are rather happy, I fancy, to have the wall of their specialized province to hide behind. "It is an outrageous job," they seem to say, "as a novel; it could have been done so much more effectively." This may be all very well for strictly literary criticism; and they stand within their own precincts. And yet, I think the older critic more admirable, who ventured far enough to regard and appraise the work for what it clearly was, a book of exceptionally broad interest touching the lives and prejudices of folk in countless ways, a book which, if it is considered at all, must be considered in its whole significance. With such works as the "Elmer Gantrys" of the eighteenth century and of today, is it not better that the total estimation come rather from the critics of the *genre* than from the pulpit? Or, at least, would it not be better for "enthusiasm?"

MARSTON BALCH.

Williams College.

While Rudyard Kipling was in Brazil there was formed—but hold, how about that poem about the armadillo dillowing in his armor in which the Imperial poet once announced (if we mistake not that he had "never reached Brazil" and that perhaps he never would). What price prophecy—with which aside let us continue the remark that there was formed in London, without his knowledge, a society which is to bear his name and to be devoted to his works. The founders included Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, the original "Stalky," and Mr. G. C. Beresford, the portrait photographer, who is the original "MacTurk."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

GARDENS AND GARDENING

THE New York Public Library has published a selected list of books on "Gardens and Gardening" now on exhibition in the main exhibition room in the central building which the Garden Club of America, the Horticultural Society of New York, and the New York Public Library have united in bringing together. The titles are grouped under more than a score of headings, and one interested in the subject will find this pamphlet a useful guide. The following paragraphs from the introduction show the broad ground which this exhibition covers:

This is not a collection of all garden books but of books selected in order to show how, ever since Adam took up his primitive tool to till the ground, the love for gardening has been deep and widespread. It has been shared alike by the poor man brightening his dismal corner of the world with a few pots of flaming geraniums and the rich lady gathering basketsful of roses on her terraces.

In every clime and country when the shepherds ceased wandering about in search of new pastures, they settled down and began to cultivate the soil. Every civilization developed its own type of garden and the history of man can be studied from them. The student of architecture learns about Egyptian king worship from tombs of mediæval symbolism from the Gothic cathedrals. The Spanish gardens with their high walled enclosures show us how the Arabs jealously secluded their women; the still mirror-like pools conducive to meditation in the Persian gardens show a love for quiet thoughts; while the great stairways leading down from terraces to elaborate parterres and on to distant vistas in the French gardens express a fondness for display and costly entertainment.

Not all garden books are entirely technical. The illustrations of early manuscripts, one of which, Le Roman de la Rose, has been lent by The Pierpont Morgan Library, shows how the knights and ladies, flirted and read aloud to one another sitting under latticed bowers in a corner of the castle courtyard. The 16th and 17th century garden books were often collections of prints, which picture the people hunting, riding in carved and gilded coaches and the gardeners with flowing locks, silken hose and buckled shoes.

The herbals, like old heads of families, were the ancestors of all later garden books. They combined botany, medicine, and gardening, and contained folklore which had been handed down for centuries from mouth to mouth before the days of printing. They are treasures of material about how the people lived, of their fears and superstitions, ills and remedies, of what they ate and drank and how they cooked and preserved, and are far more interesting than the tiresome accounts of royalties and battles which fill the pages of most histories.

Agriculture, medicine, forestry and botany are the children of gardening, and were formerly included in it. With the growth of science they have gone forth from the parental enclosure, to lead independent lives. Close to the garden wall are the sister arts of architecture and sculpture and bordering upon the property are the new neighbors, chemistry, physics and entymology.

This exhibition is a fine demonstration of the service and influence of the collector. He has not only made such an exhibit possible, but his patience and industry have given it a breadth and interest that in itself is a great educational factor.

SHAKESPEARE BOOKPLATES

A SPECIAL committee of representative publishers and booksellers is being organized under the auspices of the American Shakespeare Foundation to sponsor the sale of bookplates in America to aid in rebuilding the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. The bookplates are reproductions of the originals used in the volumes of the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford and their sale will be a part of the popular campaign for American participation in the creation of a new memorial to the great dramatist. Purchasers of these plates, which will be sold at one dollar each, will be registered at Stratford as contributors to the Shakespeare Memorial. Distribution of the plates will be nationwide as they were put on sale through the cooperation of booksellers on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23. Posters and attractive literature are being specially prepared for this phase of the American campaign. The officers and members of the American Foundation are Charles Evans Hughes, John W. Davis, Frank L. Polk, Robert Lansing, E. H. Sothern, Miss Julia Marlowe, James M. Beck, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Howard H. Furness, Jr., John Erskine, Thomas W. Lamont, William A. Neilson, Mrs. Frances Rogers, Arthur W. Page. Prof. George Pierce Baker, of the University Theatre at Yale, is chairman of the executive committee.

NEW COLUMBUS STORY

MARIUS ANDRE, French historian, after years of research in the libraries at Genoa, Lisbon, Madrid, Bordeaux, London and elsewhere, has just published a book under the title "The True Adventure of Christopher Columbus," that is creating a stir of international proportions. M. Andre alleges that Columbus had to flee from Portugal, and that he lived in fear and dread the rest of his life and would not set foot on Portuguese soil without a signed safe-conduct by the king of that country. He claims that Columbus (an adopted name) had Jewish parents who accepted Christianity under threat and pressure by the Inquisition. Columbus wrote his memoirs in his declining years. He doctored his manuscripts, changed dates, left out and destroyed certain documents and omitted every reference to a ship-wrecked sailor from whom he had stolen the papers in the man's death agony. When the son of Columbus published the memoirs, the father got all of the credit for discovering America, while in reality he had only refound the route of an unknown navigator. It is claimed that this new story of Columbus is well supported by documentary evidence. It will not be accepted until there is a clear preponderance of evidence sustaining it. There are lively times ahead as M. Andre's book is greeting a hurricane of criticism all over Europe.

NOTE AND COMMENT

A NOTEBOOK in which Beethoven wrote the tunes and notes he later worked into his immortal compositions has just been discovered in the Soviet central archives. Each page has been photographed and the reproductions will be published in connection with the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the musician's death this year. The notebook had been confiscated in the library of a wealthy Russian music lover and collector, when all private property was nationalized by Bolshevists in 1917.

❧ ❧

W. & G. Foyle, the London booksellers, conducted an inquiry for the purpose of ascertaining who are the most popular authors of books for boys. Ballots were taken at the Schoolboys' Exhibition, and voting papers were sent to various schools, boys' clubs, and scout organizations. At the head of the list stand Ballantyne, Henty, Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, Herbert Strang, Jules Verne, Captain Marryat, Rudyard Kipling and Charles Dickens, in the order named. Several weeks ago a similar inquiry was conducted in this country by *The Youth's Companion*. The boys were asked to name favorite books instead of favorite authors. The list was headed by "Treasure Island," and strangely enough in the English list of twenty-five authors Stevenson's name does not appear at all.

❧ ❧

There are many indications that collectors are turning toward the Library of Congress hoping to add to its resources, prestige and usefulness as a national library. The recent Pennell and Thacher gifts are fresh in the public mind. The foundation of music, history and fine arts chairs is a significant innovation in library service. In editorially discussing the opportunity which the Library of Congress affords the private collector, the New York *Times*, referring to a recent gift, says:

"The gift of Mr. Gabriel Wells of a 'splendid copy of the editio princeps' of the Iliad, printed in 1488, suggests another type of gift which the National Library would welcome—'collector's books' which are quite beyond the means of the Librarian of Congress to purchase. The National Library still lacks first editions of many of the classics, not only in Greek but in other languages, including our own. Private collectors may here find a permanent place for such of their treasures as this national institution would be glad and proud to preserve after their owners have gone."

"A great book... I repeat it, a great book." *John Farrar* in *The Bookman*.
The Romantic Comedians
by ELLEN GLASGOW
"The most brilliant novel of two seasons."
$2.50 90th Thousand
Doubleday, Page & Co.

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS ITEMS : : PRINTERS & BINDERS :: WRITERS' SERVICES

Single insertion rate: 7 cents a word

AUTOGRAPHS

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price list. Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City. Publisher The Collector, $1. Established 1887.

BARGAIN OFFERS

SEVERAL LARGE AND IMPORTANT LIBRARIES, consisting of desirable books on all possible subjects, now on sale. Collectors, Librarians and general book buyers will find a great number of choice and interesting items, moderately priced. It will pay you to visit our shop. Open till 10 p. m. M. Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Ave., at 12th Street, New York.

THOUSAND OF BOOK BARGAINS listed in our catalogue No. 151 all new and in perfect condition, at 50% and less from regular prices. Free upon request.

SEIFFERS NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS
832 Westchester Ave. New York, N.Y.

REMAINDER CATALOG of new books sent free. Mercury Book Mart, 1472 Broadway, New York City.

BOOK BINDINGS

LEATHER BOOK BINDINGS RESTORED and preserved. New life to crumbling or dried our leather. Easily applied. Send for free sample can "Leathervita." Small and large Libraries treated. J. C. Lewis Co., 2 West 47th Street, New York.

FOREIGN LITERATURE

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN books. Free catalogue, state language desired. Schoenhof's—established 1856. 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

GENERAL ITEMS

SEND FOR OUR CATALOG of rare books, fine bindings, manuscript letters, etc. W. K. Stewart Co., Louisville, Ky.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.). Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable. Expert service. Open evenings.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1208 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, Travel; local history and genealogy. Catalogs on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

EVERY BOOK IN CREATION. Pratt, 161 Sixth Ave., New York.

"THE WORLD AT MIDNIGHT" contains each month our unusual catalog of odd and strange books, autographs, prints and literary curiosities. Open Book Shop, 58 West Washington, Chicago.

LANGUAGES

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, $1.95; Chinese, French, Spanish, Alphagrams, 30c. Dictionaries, $1.98. Languages, 3 West 40th, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

BACK NUMBERS of American Mercury, International Studio, etc. Salisbury, 87 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Caledonia 0047.

THE OUT-OF-PRINT department of BRUSSEL'S will locate the books you want. Brussel's, 57 Fourth Avenue, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT books of all descriptions, also magazines and first editions supplied. Want lists of libraries, will receive our prompt attention. No charge for this service. THE KALKI LIBRARY SERVICE, 3 Cedar St., New York.

RARE EDITIONS

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. Howes Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

FIRST AND LIMITED EDITIONS. Catalogue No. 2 on request. Modern American and English Authors, Nonesuch Press, Art, Literature, Anthropology, Bruce Rogers, Americana. J. Henry Guntzer, Jr., 51 North Regent Street, Port Chester, New York.

AMERICANA. Send for catalog No. 2 of books about the history of New York City and State. Arthur B. Carlton, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SPECIALISTS

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermatica, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilizations, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

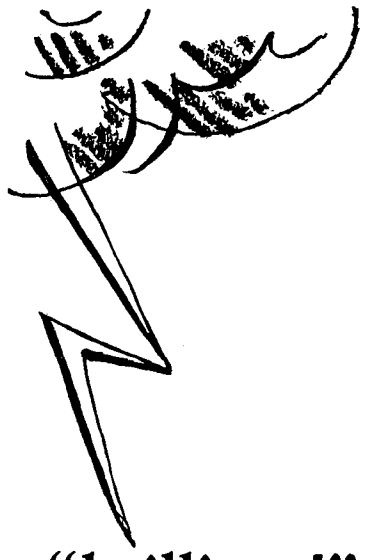
WRITERS' SERVICE

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticised and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshops, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

AUTHORS' PUBLICATION SERVICE, Editorial, Manufacturing, Distributing, etc. Biographies, Histories, Special Works, Genealogies, Theses, etc. The Branwell Company, 406 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' representative, literary adviser. Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, 342 Madison Avenue, New York. Vanderbilt 9344.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"brilliant!"

A brilliant biographer has written a brilliant biography of the great stormy petrel of American religion and politics — everywhere reviewers acclaim its excellence.

"admirable!"

"an admirable achievement, sound in scholarship, vivid as portraiture, and lively as dramatic narrative . . . so excellently has he conceived and represented the character of his protagonist that his book reads with the grace, fluency and interest of a good novel . . . tender, wise and humorous . . . notable for beauty and insight."

Lloyd Morris* in the *Saturday Review of Literature.

"extraordinary!"

"a book that is extraordinarily interesting throughout . . . the first half gives a clear and admirably written account of a boyhood in growing America . . . admirably constituted."

***Herbert S. Gorman* in the N. Y. *Times*.**

"bright!"

"a bright record of a generous life . . . Cameron Rogers has depicted a gentleman unafraid, a great American and the foremost orator of his day."

***Henry Hammer* in the Chicago *News*.**

"immense!"

"immensely readable and instructive as to facts," says *W. E. Woodward* in the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*; "animated and sympathetic!" says *The New Yorker*.

Read this great story of the man whose fearless spirit and golden personality paved the way for Mencken, Lewis, and Darrow. At your bookstore *now*.

Colonel Bob INGERSOLL
By Cameron Rogers
$3
Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

WITHIN the last ten years the Inferiority Complex has become about as familiar to all of us in this our America as our dog Fido or our cat Jemima. Whenever anybody has acted sort of cross and cantankerous we have gone around saying, "Well, you know what's the matter with him, don't you? Just an inferiority complex, that's all." So now that *Lee Wilson Dodd's* attractive volume, entitled "The Golden Complex," has been put on the market by the John Day Company, with its spirited defence of inferiority, it should be perused by all and sundry. Mr. Dodd has come to the rescue of the nice old thing just as we were getting to sort of shrug at it, with an occasional "Ho! Ho!," and just as the powers of censorship in Boston were getting really worked up over it and drawing up a list of tests for all their citizenry to determine once and for all how many of these complexes were leading a furtive existence in the exceptionally pure air of the Hub. A penalty was being determined upon for the carrying of concealed complexes; but at the psychological moment Mr. Dodd has revealed the whole conspiracy and shown the shy and innocent complex for the heartily constructive psychic and civic force that it is. . . .

Harry Kemp has been lent a stage-platform by *Louis Barrington* of the Laboratory Theatre for his Poets' Theatre which, with the Spring, promises an Indian spirit-masque for which *Willy Pogany* has been interested in doing a set. *Mary Carolyn Davies* is writing the P. T. a one-act rhymed fantasy. Harry hopes to locate the theatre somewhere in the Village and is looking around for a financial "angel" to get interested. . . .

For the benefit of *Gene Markey* and the other literate Dartmouth graduates, *R. A. Lattimore* and *A. K. Laing* have written "Hanover Poems," which was out on March twentieth and which we should have mentioned before. This is perhaps the only book of college verse in existence in which the name of the college celebrated does not appear in the lines of any of the poems. . . .

To *Mrs. John K. Burgess* we have been indebted for some time for a delightful letter telling of her experiences in England. The day before she left London the *Shaws* had a luncheon and the talk centred on *T. E. Lawrence*. It seems that women "simply don't exist for him." But Mrs. Shaw had recently lunched with him, in spite of the fact that she is a woman, and said that she told *G. B. S.* that *he* knew nothing of what popularity and curiosity meant, for, when she and Lawrence left the restaurant (a small one in Soho), the crowd was four deep on the sidewalk. Shaw, speaking of "Candida," said "it is the one really blameless, domestic play I've ever written, and yet it seems to have caused more harm than any of them. I get letters from women all over America, saying that they have seen it and have decided to leave their husbands and go off with another man; to which I invariably reply, 'Are you sure the other man will be better?'" They were speaking, says Mrs. Burgess, of Lawrence's voice on the gramaphone. He speaks, says Mrs. Burgess, unusually good and clear English, even sounding his aitches after a w,—his one peculiarity. Du Maurier said that when *he* spoke for a gramaphone he came out with a cockney accent! . . .

Mrs. Burgess also tells us of a visit to *Mary* and *Jane Findlater* and reminds us of the latter's "Green Groves of Balgowrie," a novel of distinction that should be better known. Mrs. Burgess also saw *Ellen Terry*, "as adorable and irrepressible as ever," the *Conrad Aikens*, and met in Burford a remarkable man, *John Still*, who had been a planter in Ceylon until the war, when he went to Gallipoli in the first detachment, was wounded, taken prisoner in the first battle, was in Turkish prisons until the Armistice, and only saved his sanity by writing poetry! Several volumes of his poems are coming out this Spring, one of poems for children and another for adult consumption. His opinion of the Turks is fully in agreement with Lawrence's, his "A Prisoner in Turkey" being, we understand, an appalling indictment. . . .

To cull one more interesting incident from Mrs. Burgess's letter, which we regret we have not space to reproduce entire, she came over in the same ship with *Paul Fenimore Cooper*,—*J. F. C.'s* great grandson—who was bringing back the manuscript of his first novel, an historical romance. . . .

Ferocious sonnets continue to pile up, and we are going through them in all our spare time. For the present we mustn't run any more. . . .

The *Eddie Guest* controversy has elicited a card from Woodstock College, signed *William A. Carey, S. J.*, running:

> I offer for the Eddie Guest symposium a remark by someone I don't remember. Maybe it's yours. "Guest is the only poet who can take a homely subject—and make it homelier."

No, that was, alas, not ours. *Tom Daly*, in almost the same mail, quotes it also as *Christopher Morley's* impromptu on first meeting Mr. Guest face-to-face. Which is correct. . . .

Dutton have just issued *Norman Angell's* new book, "The Public Mind." In it he continues analyzing how the Great Illusions are created and fostered. Angell's is a plea for the application of intelligence in the face of collective attack upon one's individual judgment. . . .

Barry Benefield, who wrote "The Chicken-Wagon Family" and "Short Turns," has completed a new novel, "Bugles in the Night," which the Century Company will bring out next October first. The novel arouses echoes of an old war, romantically dimmed by distance, an internecine strife ironically called "civil." . . .

From England comes the news that *J. B. Priestley* has journeyed to Bandol, near Marseilles for a short holiday, and that he has—more important still—just finished dramatizing *Thomas Love Peacock's* "Nightmare Abbey." . . .

A while ago they entertained *Miss Radclyffe Hall*, author of "Adam's Breed," in London with a dinner composed entirely of the dishes and wines mentioned in her novel of Soho life. What would happen to some of our realists were they so entertained? Well, it might teach them to write a little more attractively of food. . . .

Nancy Hoyt, who wrote "Roundabout," sailed for France recently, having just completed correction of the proofs of her second novel, "Unkind Star," to be published by Knopf in the early autumn . . .

Now it can be told—and has been, for some time—that "Liggett Reynolds," who wrote "Sweet and Low" (Simon and Schuster), is no less than *Robert A. Simon* (not a member of the firm), novelist, detective-story writer, staff critic of the New York Evening Post *Literary Review*, music editor of *The New Yorker*, harmonica virtuoso and raconteur-at-large. *Ring Lardner* started the hue and cry after the real author, who was finally run to earth. But we believe it is untrue that "Sweet and Low" was composed while inhaling a chocolate ice-cream soda in a chain drug-store. . . .

A dinner limited to sixty couples was tendered *Ed Howe* at the Biltmore on Friday evening, April 29th. It celebrated E. W. Howe's sixty years in journalism. Ed and E. W. are substantially the same person. He is the author of the poignant remark, "There is usually enough of everything except cream," which was taken into consideration, we understand, at the banquet. *Irvin Cobb* was toastmaster and Mr. Howe appeared in person without the slightest attempt at disguise. . . .

Bob Benchley's "The Early Worm" has finally got a title—that's it—and will probably be available for you by the time you read this. We haven't seen it yet. But, in it, Mr. Benchley is the author of the following advice to managers of supper clubs:

> The chief thing to find out about a man before you sell him any illicit beverage is whether or not he has got $12. Once this is made sure, the thing is not so foolhardy.

Mr. Benchley doesn't wish us to state that he had originally thought of calling his vol. "The King's Benchley"—because that would not be true. There was once a Movie actor named Francis X. Bushman, but he is no relation to Mr. Benchley, and anyway *his* name wasn't Benchman. So we have finally given up any attempt—such as it was—to say anything funny in this connection. . . .

A book we should think might discourage you sufficiently is "Your Tonsils and Adenoids" recently published by Appleton. This discusses the methods of organizing and administering traffic and transportation in industrial and commercial firms. . . .

Oh, don't be ridiculous, it doesn't at all. We have—pshaw!—got two publicity items mixed up. But the fact is we are beginning to get a little light-headed with the approach of Spring. . . .

So we had better stop right now.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of* SIMON *and* SCHUSTER

Publishers • 37 West 57th Street • *New York*

"We want to seize the value and perspective of passing things, and so to pull ourselves up out of the maelstrom of daily circumstances. We want to know that the little things are little, and the big things big, before it is too late; we want to see things now as they will seem forever—'in the light of eternity.' We want to learn to laugh in the face of the inevitable, to smile even at the looming of death."

It is writing like that which has put *The Story of Philosophy* by WILL DURANT in its twentieth large edition in ten months. Last week 1,964 persons paid $5 for the book, bringing the total well over 140,000 copies.

Every time we go up the Fifth Avenue steps of the New York Public Library we think of the new novel by HUGHES MEARNS, entitled *Lions in the Way*. Here is a good chance to explain that it is *not* a book of big-game adventures in Africa. Those of the illuminati who recall the allegory of *Pilgrim's Progress* (i. e., those who know their *Bunyan's*) will recognize the reference to *Lions in the Way*. Others are hereby informed that it is the story of *Stella Hagan*—the ravishing *Stella*—and the men whom she must get by to achieve her career. If you are afraid of the *Lions in the Way* at Forty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, try any book-seller.

Our six best-sellers this week:

The Story of Philosophy, by WILL DURANT
Lenz on Bridge, by SIDNEY S. LENZ
Rhapsody—A Dream Novel, by ARTHUR SCHNITZLER
The Three Taps, by FATHER RONALD KNOX
Sweet and Low, by ROBERT ('ROBERT') A. SIMON
Cross Word Puzzle Book, Seventh Series

Glancing over the typography of *The Inner Sanctum*, we feel that the italics are practically ours for keeps.

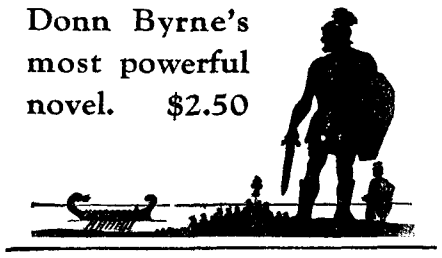
Simon and Schuster's Open Door policy for *The Inner Sanctum* has been gloriously vindicated. This week we received a manuscript from a totally unknown writer who lives in St. Louis. Everybody in the editorial department liked the title *God Got One Vote*. In three days the opus had three readings, and today *The Inner Sanctum* sent a telegram to F. H. Brennan accepting the novel. Fast work, and there are few thrills to equal the satisfaction of making so distinguished a discovery. More anon.

ESSANDESS

BROTHER SAUL
by Donn Byrne

"A Grand Book!" —*Time*

A story of Roman days—Donn Byrne's most powerful novel. $2.50



When *Is* Always?
By CONINGSBY DAWSON
Price $2 Wherever Books Are Sold
Cosmopolitan Book Corporation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED